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The Week

SENATOR BROOKHART has not "bolted" the Republican party. Everyone has known for a long time that he was totally out of sympathy with such Republicanism as that of men like Coolidge. The only question was whether he would openly admit this in his campaign, or would keep silent. How little love has in the past been lost between the Republican National Committee and himself is indicated by the fact that it did its best to defeat him in the primary. But the effort was a catastrophic failure; Brookhart continues to dominate the Iowa scene. His denunciation of the Wall Street and New England manufacturing interests which, as he correctly observes, are behind Coolidge, will strengthen the already good chance of the La Follette-Wheeler ticket for carrying Iowa. Thereby it becomes still more probable that Coolidge will not have a majority in the electoral college and that the election at the least will be thrown into the House of Representatives.

SENATOR BROOKHART has done a brave and honest thing in repudiating explicitly the forces of reactionary Republicanism when the arguments of expediency were in favor of his keeping still. He has not been alone in his predicament; there are other good Progressives in both the Republican and Democratic party who might well follow his example and will find it increasingly impossible to remain silent as the campaign goes on. Such a man as Hiram Johnson, for instance, must be under a grave embarrassment. Coolidge stands for just about all the things Johnson has fought against for twenty years. La Follette stands for just about all the things the Californian has professed to hold dear. He has already denounced the removal of the names of the La Follette-Wheeler electors from the ballot in his own state. How much longer can he continue to give even the nominal aid of silence to the enemy without doing his career irreparable damage?

A FEW weeks ago defenders of the Davis cause were arguing that La Follette could not possibly win and that a vote for him is a vote thrown away. Even if this had been true, it was a painfully opportunist doctrine. Since when has a vote in favor of the principles and men you believe in become "a vote thrown away"? Must millions of Americans go on forever supporting one of two parties neither of which they approve, neither of which differs from the other, just because it is difficult for a third party to win the first election in which it appears? As things stand at present, however, there is an even more complete answer to these advocates of a half-loaf policy. Nearly all the political experts now predict that the election will be thrown into the House. In that case, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that to avoid having it go to the Senate where a choice must be made between Dawes and Wheeler, Bryan and Dawes or Bryan and Wheeler, the conservative Republicans will make a "deal" with the Democrats and elect Davis in the House. That such an arrangement can be seriously discussed sufficiently answers the contention that he is a strong Liberal, only a shade less obnoxious to the forces of reaction than La Follette himself. It is true that these forces of reaction prefer Coolidge; but if they can't get him,

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they will be satisfied with Davis as a substitute. Therefore, Northern Democrats who want to see Davis in the White House can perhaps best aid in putting him there by voting for La Follette and making sure that no one has a majority in the electoral college. A bitter pill for those who have been arguing that a vote for the third party is a vote wasted!

AS we go to press, the MacDonald government in in Great Britain has surmounted one great difficulty, yet is still confronted by the most dangerous crisis of its career. The Liberals in the House of Commons have come to the rescue and helped pass the Irish boundary bill; and it seems most unlikely that the Conservative majority in the House of Lords will dare to upset a settlement so urgently desired and needed. The real test, of course, comes on ratification of the Russian treaty. That treaty has some features regarded as undesirable, not only by the Conservatives and Liberals, but by many of Labor's own supporters. Chief of these is the guaranteed loan. Indeed, it is no secret that part of the members of MacDonald's own party are lukewarm and would be glad to get the treaty modified before the question comes up in the House of Commons if that were possible. On the other hand, MacDonald has thrown his full personal weight and that of his government behind the agreement as it stands; and the issue is one which he can hardly evade. The present prestige of the Labor government is high because of its success in regard to the Dawes plan, the Irish boundary matter, and the work at Geneva on the proposed treaty of arbitration and security. It might survive a general election and be returned to power, though English political experts regard this as improbable. Certainly, it is hard to think of an alternative government at present possible which would be likely to equal the record for constructive work made by the Labor party since it came into office.

THE only defense of General Dawes's connection with the Lorimer bank failure in Chicago, which has yet been put forward by anybody has come from John Barton Payne, Dawes's attorney during the court battle which ensued. We have already commented on the contention of Judge Payne. It amounted to saying that other bankers have been guilty of the same practice and that no harm would have been done if the Lorimer bank hadn't happened to fail—a decidedly opportunist doctrine which in effect maintains that "it is all right if you get away with it." One of the individuals best qualified to comment on the Payne argument, Judge Hiram T. Gilbert, has issued a statement in reply to it which is worth quoting. Judge Gilbert, a distinguished Chicago attorney, represented the receiver for the LaSalle Street Trust and Savings Bank (the Lorimer institution) in its suit against the Central Trust Company (the Dawes Bank) to recover the $1,250,000 which General Dawes loaned to his friend Lorimer in order that it might be falsely exhibited to the state banking authorities as part of the assets of the LaSalle Street bank.

JUDGE PAYNE'S statement, Judge Gilbert observes, "is inaccurate and incomplete." The claim that "the leading banks of the state had done hundreds of times precisely what General Dawes and the Central Trust Company did" is characterized as "without support in the evidence in the record in the case." With respect to this evidence Judge Gilbert quotes the Supreme Court opinion:

> It appears that in such cases where the cash has been furnished to the bank about to be converted, actual cash was provided and placed to the credit of the new bank, and so remained, subject to the control and disposition of its officers, after the bank was authorized to commence business and until it was subsequently checked out by the authorized officers of the bank in the regular course of business.

Judge Gilbert further adds:

> The statement of Judge Payne to the effect that the Comptroller of the Currency found the LaSalle Street National Bank was solvent is without the slightest support in the evidence. Neither the Comptroller nor the National Bank examiner knew the condition of the bank on October 21, 1912. It is true the Supreme Court found that the bank's capital and surplus was impaired only to the extent of $108,055.78, but that conclusion was arrived at by treating unsecured paper of Munday and Lorimer and their interests as good, because, as viewed by the court, the evidence showed they had assets worth slightly more than their liabilities when the new bank was organized . . . The final result was that the LaSalle Street Trust and Savings Bank lost on loans to Munday and his concerns and connections and on loans to Lorimer and his concerns and connections approximately $3,000,000.

Judge Gilbert, pointing out that "this statement is not intended as an expression of opinion as to the part played by Dawes in this transaction," says:

> The facts are plain and speak for themselves. The Supreme Court pronounced the conduct of Dawes unlawful. Its result was to enable Munday and Lorimer to evade the law and foist upon the public a bank with a supposed capital stock and surplus of $1,250,000 represented by the unsecured paper of themselves, their concerns and connections and to continue using the bank's money in their own business enterprises with disastrous results to the bank's innocent creditors. It is unfortunate, to say the least, that an act which was a "mere courtesy extended to a neighbor without charge or hope of reward" should have led to results so disastrous to the bank's depositors.

AN organization called The National Industrial Conference Board has existed for some years in New York. It purports to be an impartial and accurate institution for economic research, and is sup-

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ported by a large number of big industrial and financial corporations. Perhaps it is only a coincidence that its "impartial and expert" findings, to which it gives the widest possible publicity, are almost always of a sort deleterious to the interests of labor, advantageous to the interests of capital. And, of course, the National Industrial Conference Board never gets into politics. Oh, dear no! However, it did just happen to send out a press release to newspapers a little while ago in regard to taxes in Wisconsin. Wisconsin, as it also just happens, is the home state of Senator Robert La Follette. Senator La Follette happens to be a candidate for President. The National Industrial Conference Board has discovered, undoubtedly to its chagrin, that the rate of taxation in Wisconsin is higher than that of any of the "six adjacent states," and proceeds to shriek this fact at the top of its voice.

THE gentlemen who drew up this document showed more anti-La Follette enthusiasm than they did geographical knowledge or financial accuracy. Only four states are adjacent to Wisconsin—Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and Minnesota. It is not true that the tax rate in all of them is lower. In the latest year available, 1922, total state taxes per capita were as follows: Wisconsin, $44.79; Michigan, $46.02; Illinois, $37.77; Iowa, $44.62, and Minnesota, $48.67. Even if Wisconsin had the highest tax rate, it would, of course, prove nothing disadvantageous to the state government. What matters is not the amount of your taxes but what you get for them. It is better to live in a highly civilized, prosperous community with a high tax rate than to pay low taxes and get little in return. Naturally, the National Industrial Conference Board says nothing on this point. It is out to do Senator La Follette all the harm it can. As for erroneous statistics: What are statistics between reactionaries?

OUR readers will learn with regret that the application of Sacco and Vanzetti to set aside the verdict in their case and secure a new trial has been denied. Hope is not lost, however, for an appeal has been taken from this decision and all the evidence will be reviewed in the higher court. The facts in this famous case have been too frequently set forth in the pages of the New Republic to need to be restated. These men were accused of killing a paymaster and his guard in a holdup at Braintree, Mass., April 15, 1920. They were convicted, after a jury trial, of murder in the first degree. Practically all the unprejudiced observers who followed that trial are convinced that it resulted in a miscarriage of justice, that Sacco and Vanzetti are innocent and have been punished because of the radical beliefs they hold, and not because of wrongdoing. Important new evidence (recited in the New Republic for December 26, 1923, "New Light on a Bad Business") strongly tends to confirm this view and to shake the credibility of important government witnesses. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming judicial review of the case will result in action as to the justice of which there can be no question, and will put an end to an affair which has injured the reputation of the American judicial machinery, throughout the world, more than anything else except the case of Tom Mooney.

REPUBLICAN party managers are counting on the rising price of wheat to bring in tens of thousands of farmer votes for Coolidge and Dawes. It is assumed that the farmer is so ignorant that he is incapable of distinguishing between what the administration has done for him and what he owes to the weather. We believe that the assumption is false. The wheat farmer has long been a close student of market reports, and is quite able to appreciate the significance of an unprecedentedly cold and wet summer, which has ruined a large part of the harvests of northern Europe and gravely impaired the quality of much of the grain successfully harvested. The American farmer profits, for the time, from Europe's disaster. It is not a solid kind of prosperity, such as would follow upon a genuine recovery of European industry and trade. The American farmer will prosper in the long run only when the general purchasing power of Europe is increased, and such an increase in purchasing power will not be brought about by the policies of a party which countenances Mr. Mellon's views of the benefits of excessive protectionism. We shall sell to Europe only in the measure that we buy, and a party which looks upon our imports as an evil is a grave barrier to the free flow of our exports.

MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS urges the Military Order of the World War to oppose the proposed amendment to the Constitution "which prohibits the employment of children under eighteen years of age." We suggest that General Edwards read the text of proposed amendments before denouncing them. There is no amendment before the American people proposing to prohibit the employment of children under eighteen, or even under eight years. The child labor amendment proposes to give Congress the power to regulate or prohibit, if it finds this expedient, the employment of children up to eighteen. If the amendment were adopted Congress might never avail itself of the power; it might confine itself to prohibiting the employment of children under ten or twelve or fourteen. If it carried its prohibitions to a foolish extreme the next Congress would provide a remedy. Nobody believes that any Congress we could elect would go so far as to prohibit the employment of all young persons up to eighteen. The amendment fixes upon this limit supply because it is impossible to say that in some remote future we shall not be able to devise a better use

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for our children's time than unregulated factory employment affords.

SOME of the wheat growers of England have recently been moved to indignant protest by a circular issued to bakers by one of the great milling companies. "We use no British wheat," is the offending sentence. The British growers assert vehemently that British wheat is quite good enough to use. Indeed, they affirm, it is the most nourishing wheat in the world. The bakers are prejudiced against it, they say, because flour made from it does not absorb so much water as flour from American wheat, and in England as everywhere else most of the baker's profit comes from the water. On the relative merits of British and American wheat we have no opinion. But our sympathies are with the British farmer. He has had a horrible summer. Rain, rain, rain; much of his wheat is not even yet dry enough to haul in from the fields. To have the millers boycott the little good grain he has painfully saved is more than any farmer could be expected to endure.

UNEMPLOYMENT forms no part of the official Republican survey of the industrial scene. Said the President, in his speech of acceptance of nomination, "Complaint of unemployment has ceased." Nevertheless the statistics of the Department of Labor indicate that employment as of July, 1924, was 14.3 percent lower than in the same month last year. If any student of the national economy doubts that unemployment is a fact, let him read the report on unemployment just completed by the Russell Sage Foundation. According to this study of our experience during the past two decades the present industrial arrangements postulate the idleness of an average of 10 to 12 percent of the total number of workers. What Mr. Coolidge means is not that there is no unemployment but that he cannot hear the complaints, which is doubtless true.

THE modernization of Venice by the installation of electric motors and taximeters in the gondolas is a matter which is causing great pain to those New Yorkers to whom the mould of mediaeval Europe is very precious. Just how far commerce has made its way is not quite clear. Report has it that the old gondola is now forbidden; but that is really too incredible. The returned tourist and the professional mediaevalist find such a thing impossible to believe. It is their untroubled presumption, apparently, that the modern city of Venice exists for the edification and cultivation of Americans. Any disposition of Venetians to live as life is conducted, by common consent, in the American metropolis is to be denounced as crass materialism unthinkable in the children of the doges. But the Venetians, most of whom must certainly be living in the year 1924, will doubtless have their way. And as the American demand for gondolas and mandolins continues unabated they may learn to arrange those things as Chinatown is arranged in New York: special accommodations will be maintained for the archeologically disposed visitor. Sight-seeing gondolas, each one guaranteeing a glimpse of the real thing, will be moored nightly along the marts of commerce and contemporaneous amusement for the complete satisfaction of the unwary and the fatuous from the American provinces.

AN international institute for intellectual coöperation has been authorized by the Assembly of the League of Nations. Such an organization would necessarily be quite distinct from the other activities of the League. The slightest suspicion of political bias, even toward its parent or toward "internationalism" as against any other possible creed, would cripple it at the outset. Intellectual coöperation should be independent of all creed. Scholarship is non-political, not merely international. But the barriers which hamper it most, of course, are the national barriers which an international institute would seek to nullify. If the League could arrange for an absolutely all-inclusive world library (with no nonsense about Russia) and a world bibliographical service, it would by that act alone render the highest service to scholarship of which it is capable.

THE possibilities of the move which various good people of New Orleans are making to remove their negro controller of customs are many and interesting. This appointive office having been filled, by our Republican national administration, with a member of the inferior race, it is now argued first, that Mr. Walter L. Cohen, colored, is not competent to hold office, and second, that neither is any negro so qualified. The argument rests on the alleged invalidity of the fourteenth amendment, which is here called in question because it was passed not by the required majorities of the de jure Congress and states but by votes based on the de facto government during the civil war. This amendment, it will be remembered, contains, among other things, the notorious due process clause which has been so often invoked by the supreme court against progressive legislation. It would be interesting, to say the least, if the source of industrially oppressive decisions were removed by an act that is itself one of racial oppression of unprecedented violence and effrontery.

SPARE the hose and spoil the child is the version of the ancient maxim as it has been promulgated recently by the town of Elmsford, a Westchester county suburb of New York. What the ins and outs may be of the spectacular controversy that the townspeople and the school children have been staging it is impossible to say. They are unimportant in any case. The retention of the principal who offered violence to his charges with a rubber hose

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does not demonstrate that corporal punishment is necessary in the public schools. Neither would his discharge have established that good discipline requires its omission. As everyone knows, it is not the spanking that is dangerous but the spirit in which it is done. A fool can harm children by whipping them. But a fool can also harm them without lifting a finger. The moral of corporal punishment is that the method of its infliction is immaterial in comparison with the judiciousness of its administration. No amount of devotion to any absolute principle of discipline will relieve parents and teachers from the exercise of judgment.

Election Strategy

REPUBLICAN and Democratic politicians, feeling the weakness in their candidates and platforms, are frequently diverging from the issues of the campaign to appeal to complex strategic arguments. The Republicans are saying that La Follette is the enemy, that he is a terrible menace to individual liberty and the Constitution and that to defeat him Democrats must hold their noses and vote for Coolidge and Dawes. The Democrats are saying that however much one might like to vote for La Follette, he cannot be elected, and that since to defeat Coolidge and turn out the Republicans is the supreme duty of the moment, progressives must forget the past and vote for Davis.

For our part, we are confident that defeating either La Follette on the one hand or Coolidge on the other is not the utmost possible gain that the voters may derive from this election. It is, in our opinion, much more important for each voter to be counted with the set of principles and candidates which inspire his loyalty, so that if his ticket cannot be elected, at least his vote may exert its proper amount of influence on the future of American politics. An honest, straightforward and positive expression of opinion on the issues, no matter who is elected, would be more wholesome and enlightening than any result of devious calculations on the basis of the extreme uncertainty which exists.

If the Republicans were right about La Follette, it would still be better to have him elected than to have the Republican ranks swollen by the addition of Democratic conservatives who really care about honest government. A division of the conservatives would carry the lesson that if they want to defeat radicals they must avoid corruption. And, per contra, however much Coolidge may deserve defeat on the basis of the Republican record, it is still more important to register a division between those who want not only honesty, but also progressive economic vision in government, and those whose modest requirements of progressivism are satisfied by Davis and the Democratic party. Such a division would carry the lesson, if the La Follette vote were large enough, that a party of opposition cannot go on forever on the simple basis of turning the rascals out, but must make a serious and enlightened effort (between campaigns as well as during them) to attend to the economic needs of the people.

Since strategical arguments are the fashion, however, we have one to present which we think will hold more water than those urged by either of the old parties. The La Follette strength is increasing every day. In most states outside of the solid South where he is not the favorite over Coolidge, he is likely to run second—and this applies, if the numerous straw ballots are to be trusted, not only in the Middle West but in eastern states like New York. By no conceivable turn of the current during the next three weeks can Davis secure a majority in the electoral college. But if La Follette carries as many states as seems probable, Coolidge also will not secure a majority of electors and—unless La Follette should be elected—the election will be thrown into Congress.

A shrewd analysis first made by William Hard, and repeated by other careful political observers, predicts that this is likely to result in the election of Davis. The present House chooses among the three highest candidates for President. The vote of the delegation from each state is counted as a unit. Five states are equally divided between Democratic and Republican representatives, and their votes would therefore be cancelled. One state would be for La Follette. That would leave twenty-two Republican votes and twenty Democratic votes, so that neither Coolidge nor Davis would receive a majority in the House of Representatives. Deadlock. The Senate, choosing between the two highest candidates for Vice-President, would probably elect Bryan, for the reason that the Progressive and Farmer-Labor senators would join the Democrats in preferring him to Dawes. Faced with the imminence of Bryan acceding to the presidency, the business interests and the Republican party would be terror-stricken. If they must have a Democratic president, the Republicans would undoubtedly prefer Davis. The Republican congressmen in the divided states would then be persuaded to remain away from the House sessions, these states would be counted in the Democratic column, and Davis would be elected President.

The strategic inferences from this probability are clear. All progressives who want to elect La Follette will of course vote for him. All of any party or of no party who want to defeat Coolidge will vote for La Follette, seeing that this offers the best chance either of electing him or of throwing the choice into Congress—it being virtually impossible to gain a Davis majority in the electoral college. And Democrats who want to elect Davis must vote for La Follette, since votes cast for Davis are thrown away and increase Coolidge's chances of a clear majority, while votes for La Follette probably will bring about a choice by Congress—which probably means the election of Davis.

This we believe is the perfect answer to those

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Democrats who are influenced in this campaign by strategy rather than by principle.

The League Outlaws War

THE Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations has come to an end after the most important and fruitful session in its history, a session almost wholly devoted to consideration of alternatives to war. It is appropriate to ask, therefore: just how much do its achievements amount to? Is there any reason to hope that the steps it has taken will finally result in doing away with war? In seeking to answer these question it is necessary to disentangle the facts from the large quantities of propaganda on both sides which are offered to the American public. The League has always been a political issue in America and for that reason almost never does anyone tell the cold, sober truth about it. Its opponents in particular have indulged in wild excesses during the last month. They have accused it, for instance, of wickedly conspiring against America on the question raised by Japan as to whether a supposedly domestic issue such as immigration is a proper theme for international action. But the facts are just the opposite. The League supported the American attitude so completely that it endangered the allegiance of Japan.

What has been accomplished at Geneva since September 6, when MacDonald and Herriot announced their mutual intention of seeking to devise machinery by which to substitute international arbitration for the appeal to force? A protocol has been drawn up which M. Briand declares is "the most formidable obstacle to war ever devised by the human mind." In a nutshell this protocol is intended to outlaw war once and for all. It provides for compulsory arbitration if disputes arise which are likely to lead to war, or if hostilities are begun; and if any nation refuses to accept such arbitration, it is automatically declared to be guilty of aggression and becomes an outlaw. The character of the pressure to be exerted against it in that case is not quite clear, but it certainly involves the breaking off of all economic relations, the denunciation of existing treaties, and the seizure of property owned by its nationals abroad. These economic sanctions, taken alone, would produce hardships which in this modern world would be almost unsupportable. Moreover, a nation is not allowed to go to war because the decision of the arbitral body (which may be the Permanent Court of International Justice, the League Council or some other group) is unsatisfactory. The weakness of the League covenant lies in the fact that it permits, and thereby legalizes, war between two nations after arbitration has been tried and failed. In the new protocol there is no such thing as failure. Ever to take arms except in self-defense is illegal. A few months ago the most enthusiastic supporter of the project for the outlawry of war would hardly have dared to predict that it could be accepted by the nations, even in principle, in less than four or five years' time. Yet here we have a protocol which, in two days less than a month has been proposed, planned, written and at least in some degree, accepted. A resolution has been pressed by representatives of forty-seven nations urging that it be adopted by the whole world. In less than twenty-four hours ten countries, headed by France, had signed the protocol. They include Portugal, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, Albania, Esthonia, Poland and Latvia. A conference on reduction of armament has been planned for June 15 of next year and to this all the nations of the world whether members of the League or not will be invited. (The League's provisions for outlawing war will apply, of course, to all nations.)

It is only natural that the ardor with which one contemplates this magnificent paper program should be a little chilled when one turns from it to the realities of the present worldwide situation. Russia has a formidable army. Relations between herself and Roumania and Turkey are strained, she is not a member of the League and is hardly likely, with her present government, to sign the protocol. The United States is not a member of the League and would bitterly resent the operation of any machinery which might interfere, for instance, in her relations with any of the Central or South American governments. Despite what goes on at Geneva, Great Britain and France are continuing their silent, desperate, underground struggle for the hegemony of Europe. It is hard to believe that France will surrender her army at least until her public opinion has been altered by years of education; and Great Britain will cling to her fleet as long as the Commonwealth of Nations retains any of its old Imperial substance. Most important of all these rocks in the road to peace, perhaps, is the suspicious and aloof attitude of Asia toward a project susceptible of interpretation as an effort to maintain the white man's world despite the injustices past and present by which it is characterized.

These are difficulties; but they are not necessarily insuperable. Nationalism and economic self-interest, today the strongest forces in the world and the most potent causes of war, are not to be exorcised by a group of gentlemen creating new formulae. However honorable and sincere these gentlemen's desire for peace, they are limited by the frequently narrow, short-sighted and passionate views of their home populations. But the claws of war can be trimmed even through the monster may not yet be slain. The tension which existed between the United States and Japan was actually relieved by the Washington Conference and remained so until our new immigration law was passed. Greece and Italy might have gone to war and, because of external pressure, didn't. (By whom that pressure was exerted is immaterial to our present argument.) No such thing as world public opinion existed prior

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to 1914; it hardly exists even today. We know just enough about it to be certain that it can and will exert a potent influence on any nation no matter how powerful and self-willed, which comes under its ban. The proposals made last month at Geneva may break down; they may not even survive the stresses of the coming conference on limitation of armament. But it is a matter of high importance in the world's history that, under whatever circumstances, a body of men representing more than two score of nations and every important power save two, should have dared to face war and name it for what it is: the most hideous and futile of the relics dragged along by the race in its upward climb. The new concept once put forward can never be withdrawn or forgotten. If the first efforts to attain it fail, it is the more sure that they will be renewed. The League of Nations has inaugurated an endeavor which in the long run must be crowned with success, if for no other reason than that the sole alternative is chaos and the end of civilization.

The Aluminum Tariff

TO a practical people an ounce of specific instance is worth a ton of generalizing. The American people has now before it, in the tariff on aluminum, the ounce of specific instance, and more. Mr. Mellon, proclaimed the ablest practical mind in the Republican party, has consented to debate the issue with John W. Davis, an abler practical mind. The voter may have the facts, if he still needs facts.

The manufacture of crude aluminum in the United States is controlled, and has long been controlled, by a single powerful corporation, the Aluminum Company of America, which also controls the Canadian production. It is an efficient and most profitable enterprise. Tariff or no tariff, no competing producer of aluminum in the world could challenge its supremacy on the American continent, where more than half of the aluminum output of the world is consumed. The company throve mightily under the Underwood tariff rate of two cents a pound. Nevertheless it asked for and got a very substantial increase in the rate, an additional three cents a pound. Even this increase did not cut off importation altogether, because the American consumption, chiefly in the automobile industry, outruns the ability or the willingness of the Aluminum Company to increase its output. After the increase in the tariff rate the price of crude aluminum rose from 21 cents a pound to 26 cents—a rise that cannot be wholly attributed to the tariff. The greater part of it, however, must be, since every pound imported must sell at its foreign price plus five cents to cover the duty. If aluminum could be imported free of duty the price would certainly be lower than it is today. It might not be five cents less, at first, because the expansion of our consumption under lower prices might easily produce a world scarcity until the capacity of producers at home and abroad could be increased. In the end, however, we should undoubtedly buy aluminum at prices at least five cents a pound less if the duty were abolished.

On what ground are American consumers required to add five cents a pound to the world price for the benefit of the Aluminum Company of America? On the ground that we have here an infant industry which must be subsidized until it may be strong enough to stand alone? Not at all: the American industry has long been solidly established, and is now in much better shape than any rival foreign industry. On the ground that the cost of production is greater here than abroad? This is highly improbable. For years the net profits of the Aluminum Company of America have exceeded seven cents a pound. If the price were cut five cents a pound, to the foreign price level, the Aluminum Company would still be making a fair profit on its actual capitalization, as fair a profit as any foreign concern can expect to make. The Company would still make a profit of $2,800,000 on a capital par value of $18,729,000. But no one supposes that the abolition of the duty would leave consumption unchanged. American and foreign producers alike would sell more aluminum if the price were lower. As everyone knows, there is an enormous field for the consumption of aluminum in domestic uses, a field now neglected because aluminum is too dear. With lower prices the Aluminum Company could make up an appreciable part of its lost profits by performing the additional service of working this neglected field.

There is no adequate ground under the conventional theory of protection for any duty at all on crude aluminum. There is little ground even for a duty on any of the manufactures of aluminum. The industry is not one in which America had to overcome a long lead in favor of other industrial countries. It is not one in which superior excellence has ever been imputed to the foreign product. If aluminum and all its products were placed on the free list, the industry would remain American, because no foreign producer could hope to match the American in capacity to meet the American consumers' requirements.

The aluminum industry needs no protection. The seven million dollars, more or less, added by the tariff to the profits of the industry represents a reward for the political services to the party of Andrew J. Mellon and his associates in the Aluminum Company, a tax upon the American people for the benefit of private persons powerful enough to exact it.

The time will come when the American people will recognize the impropriety of such a position as that in which Secretary Mellon now stands: exponent of economy in governmental expenditures, and beneficiary of governmental favors which involves a burdensome tax upon the people. We do not care

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to stress the point of impropriety, because Secretary Mellon is pursuing only what is still common practice under protectionism. In the course of American history hundreds of representatives of the people have voted large profits into their own pockets by securing excessive duties for the industries in which they held interests. None of them has ever been pilloried for it, any more than Mr. Mellon is now pilloried. Protectionism as we have known it is an East of Suez where public morality does not exist.

The immediate issue is simple. The aluminum schedule has been shown up for what it is, a device by which a prosperous private interest is able to gorge itself to repletion at the expense of the people. How many of the other tariff schedules are of the same character, and operate to the same effect. There can hardly be any doubt that a vast number of our protective duties are much too high for any legitimate protective purpose.

It is high time that the whole theory and practice of protectionism in America was overhauled—overhauled not by the beneficiaries of exaggerated duties, but by men who realize that the interests of the country are not subserved by scarcity and dearness, that it is more important to place aluminum utensils within the reach of the millions of American housewives than to heap up excess profits and swollen incomes for a few great politicians and captains of industry, that a copious flow of trade, both domestic and foreign, enriches the nation and the mass of its people, even if restructions may occasionally be more profitable to the few.

Such an overhauling is coming, and in a future not too remote. It is already obvious that the party of exaggerated protectionism is far from commanding the allegiance of a majority of the people. If it renews its hold on the Presidency in November it will be by the political accident that the enemies of the tariff are divided They will not remain divided forever.

Arms and the—Baby

MODERN psychology has taught us to look upon the blusterer as perhaps a timid and unimpressive person, and upon the braggart as one who is deeply distrustful of his own pretensions. It is high time, perhaps, that psychology threw a litte light upon the amusing conduct of our naval and military officers, for they show such a persistent refusal to cope with reality that we are almost justified in regarding their professional animus as pathological. The classic case of mental impotence in the military guild is cited by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt in My Diaries, when, outraged by Blunt's book on Gordon at Khartoum, half a dozen major generals wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette to urge that Mr. Blunt be deprived of certain political dignities he had never held; but a pretty good second to this effort to "depress mental and prolong corporeal war" is the recent attempt to censor Messrs. Stallings's and Anderson's play, What Price Glory. Politically, this intrusion of the army and navy into the civil realm is perhaps officious; but psychologically it is such a complete give-away that one is almost tempted to welcome it.

Recall the incident before it joins the snows of yesteryear. An inquiry held by certain officers in the navy and the marine corps disclosed the fact that in What Price Glory the soldiers frequently swore, that they sometimes did not respect their superiors, and that they seized the passing delight of a drink or a girl when the passing delight offered itself. Our good army and navy fear that a knowledge of these things would keep boys from enlisting or at any rate make their mothers timid about letting them enlist. The obvious answer to this military prudery is that, after all, cuss words and disrespect and the call of tempting young ladies are not altogether unknown in Gopher Prairie and Zenith; and even the American mother of popular balladry is not quite naive enough to think that single men in barracks turn into plaster saints. As it is, Messrs. Stallings's and Anderson's dialogue is merely emphatic; it has not the delicate and allusive foulness which, quite naturally, characterizes barracks conversation. A veracious transcription of the commonplaces of a gang of railway men or woodchoppers or soldiers would be beyond the resources of even a Restoration dramatist; so the objection to What Price Glory on these grounds is such a manifest piece of effrontery that we must set it down as a rationalization.

But there is an even more acute answer to the military censor; and that is, that the authors of What Price Glory, although they do not write in the romantic tradition, have contrived to put a good deal of common humanity into the barracks and the firing line; and in many ways their play makes military life far more attractive than the most deceitful recruiting poster. Is it not comic that military men should fail to see that there is more attraction in an army where men are actually disrespectful of their superiors than there is in one so servilely trained that criticism never enters into their minds; and that a drunken bully like Captain Flagg, who at a pinch can behave like a comrade and a gentleman, is worth a dozen sticks cut to length and measure at West Point or Annapolis? How much more attractive war would be if there were more of Captain Flagg's honesty in our preparation for it, and less of the official hypocrisy which treats Defense Day as if it were an autumn festival to celebrate peace and plenty, and advertises poison gases as if they were to be kept in the family medicine chest alongside the soothing syrups! Is it not something to be able to assure the recruit that military life is not always as dull as that of the barracks, that sometimes the unceasing routine breaks down when honest brutal work must be done—that life in the

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trenches or on a destroyer in the danger zone sometimes encourages a comradeliness between officers and men that is not provided for in the code of the drillmaster?

More than this, the sort of warfare which Flagg's company finds itself fighting is a hundred times more heroic and manly than the communal assassination which the Chemical Warfare Division sweetly holds out for the next war. Captain Flagg is an almost extinct monster, for he is the military man whom we meet in Homer and Shakespeare, and he and his kind, with their essential decency and readiness to risk their hides, are morally miles above the elevated Robots who are perfecting the gases and chemical missiles that are to be aimed, not merely at soldiers in the field, but at the entire animal and vegetable life of the "enemy" nation. The real danger of What Price Glory is, from a humane point of view, that it gives a brutal glamor to an obsolete system of combat, and so may delude the spectator into thinking that another war will be as relatively inoffensive as that which the play portrays. The officers who would like What Price Glory taken off the stage have apparently not enough imagination to see that if the brutishness and hell-let-looseness of Captain Flagg's company were the worst that could be said against warfare, there might still be something said in favor of it!

So far we have been courteously assuming that the objections of the military group to What Price Glory had some sort of rational foundation; but their desire to be protected from the faintest breath of criticism—their manifest displeasure at the suggestion that life in the trenches is different from that of the grinder or the Y. M. C. A. hut—points to a condition of "addled subjectivity." The reason for this subjectivity is not far to seek: war is by its technique an infantile occupation. When a little child is confronted by a situation far beyond his powers of thought or action, as when his nurse crosses his will, he frequently says to the person who stands in his way: "I'll kill you." Psychologists have taught us to regard this homicidal wish as a plain desire to simplify the situation: "kill" merely means "eliminate." Is it not pretty clear that warfare is a regression to this infantile wish; for a community that brings conference to an end and wages war confesses its inability to apply a rational method to the solution of its conflict, and it gives way to the easier method—not the elimination of the problem but the attempt to eliminate the persons who seem to cause the problem.

Whatever his initial start in life, we may describe the military man as one whose conduct is professional, "fixed" on an infantile level; he is sheltered from the normal struggles of the civil community; he retains the infant's unbounded will-to-power; he instinctively desires to eliminate anything that stands in the way of his own plans or that balks his own ambitions. The very routine of military life carries out this infantile situation; one need only mention the parent-child habits of subordination, the complete lack of autonomy on the part of the soldiers, each of whom depends upon orders from "higher up," the perpetual insistence upon security, the effort to make the warriors' desires the criterion of reality.

So for example the army cheerfully tells us that poison gases are harmless therapeutics, since it is desirable that we should think so until they can be used in warfare; so the army and navy always describe themselves as "instruments of defense," no matter what their aggressions; so the various arms of the service are advertised as little more than official travel bureaus for the aid of talented young men. All these subterfuges and evasions and censorships would be funny, if they did not imply that a military organization is incapable of living anywhere but in Cuckooland. Most of us begin life with the same tendencies that characterize the military man; but reality compels us to outgrow them. Unfortunately for the community, warfare is a large confession of our inability to grapple with reality; and our military men we must remind ourselves are the unhappy victims of the calling we have inflicted upon them. They would not be good soldiers if they were not wretchedly adapted to the trials of civilized existence—an existence which does not usually permit us to silence our opponents by force or establish our mental and moral superiority by a show of weapons.

In times of peace, the civilian population tends to develop a certain resistance to infantile habits, discussion becomes free, criticism active, "disrespect" rife, in short, public conduct occasionally reaches mature level. No wonder that military men protest against a play that even brushes against the realities of their vocation. They must forgive us, however, if we refuse to take their conduct at its face value and become properly indignant over it. The poet could sing seriously and heroically of Arms and the Man; but it needs a humorist to speak adequately of Arms and the Baby. If the braggart has an inferiority complex, it should not surprise us to find that the most masculine of all pursuits reverts to the cradle.

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The Vanishing Voter

THE problems of democracy are multifarious, and as E. L. Godkin pointed out more than a quarter of a century ago, some of the most significant and baffling are those that were unforeseen either by its early advocates or opponents. "The growth of democracy," he wrote, "has dissipated a good many fears about the 'mob'; but on the other hand it has failed to realize a good many expectations about its conduct of government." Of these unrealized expectations, perhaps the most disquieting has been the strong and increasing tendency of voters to absent themselves from the polls on election day.

Until a very recent time the chief battles of democracy in the United States centred about the extension of the suffrage. Although the Declaration of Independence—the first American political platform—asserted sonorously that "all men are created equal," at the very time the right to vote was a class privilege, confined by law to white male adult taxpayers or property owners, with the further restriction, in some states, of belief in certain simple theological tenets. The arrangement was, of course, highly satisfactory to everyone concerned—except the excluded classes; and unfortunately for the security of the established order, these latter were numerous, noisy and persistent.

The sequel appeared in a progressive enlargement of the suffrage almost generation by generation. During the Jacksonian era white manhood suffrage was established. In 1870 all negro men were given the "right" to vote by a federal constitutional amendment. In 1887 the process was begun of granting the ballot to Indians. The final chapter was written in 1920 with the enfranchisement of women by a federal amendment. Accordingly, by the last named date, the franchise had been bestowed upon every group in our population which had made any pretensions to the right. The nation had caught up with the Declaration of Independence.

Now became apparent the extraordinary development to which reference has already been made. As if exhausted by the long weary up-hill march, the wayfarers gazed indifferently at the resplendent scene before their eyes, and promptly allowed their attention to become absorbed in other things. The franchise, so desirable when beyond reach, had become

> Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
> All ashes to the taste.

That which had been sought as a political right was devoid of interest as a civic obligation, or even as a civic opportunity.

Though much comment has been excited by the large stay-at-home vote in the national election of 1920, the phenomenon is not new, nor can its full gravity be understood against the background of a single campaign. An examination of its workings over a long period may disclose certain unexpected perils in the path of popular government as well as certain clues as to the road to safety. Many persons now living can remember the birth of the Republican party, and inasmuch as this event marked the beginning of the historic rivalry between our two major parties, the series of presidential elections from 1856 to 1920 becomes significant for a study of the voting trend. Whatever conclusions may be reached, it must always be remembered that this inquiry pertains only to the attitude of the sovereign voter toward an office which is not only the highest honor within his gift but also the most powerful civil position in the world. His attitude toward state, local and primary elections is another and, one may surmise, an even more depressing story.

A superficial glance at the election statistics seems quite reassuring. Thus, the number of votes increased from about four millions in 1856 to over eight millions in 1876, and from about fourteen millions in 1896 to nearly twenty-seven millions in 1920. Such figures, however, are misleading, for they leave out of account the general increase in population and, what is more important, the even more rapid expansion in the numbers of those entitled to vote. The significant factor in measuring the interest of voters in an election is the ratio of those who actually vote to the whole number of those legally qualified to vote. The mode of arriving at this percentage is of interest only to the specialist in political science, who is referred to the brief description in the note at the close of this article. For others, suffice it to say that the calculations are quite complicated and that, while unavoidably subject to error, should nevertheless give a substantially correct picture of the actual situation.

The results of this inquiry are indicated by the course of the continuous line on the accompanying chart. For the more curious, the detailed figures have been placed in a separate table. From these findings four significant conclusions may fairly be drawn.

In the first place, it is possible to form an intelligent opinion as to what proportion of the eligible voters should be expected to participate in an election. The greatest show of voting strength occurred in the election of 1876 when nearly 86 percent of those entitled to vote cast their ballots. This contest, however, was an exceptional one, and it is therefore more to the point that, in the campaigns from 1856 to 1896 inclusive, the proportion of active voters in eight out of the eleven elections ex-

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ceeded 80 percent of those qualified to vote.

On the principle that what has once been done can be done again, the conclusion is valid that a normal electorate, actively interested in public affairs, should send to the polls at least four-fifths of its members. There emerges, thus, a purely objective and quantitative test of voting efficiency which any community can apply to itself. If the stay-at-home vote does not exceed 20 percent of its possible electorate, it can regard itself as functioning effectively, so far as this one essential attribute of citizenship is concerned.

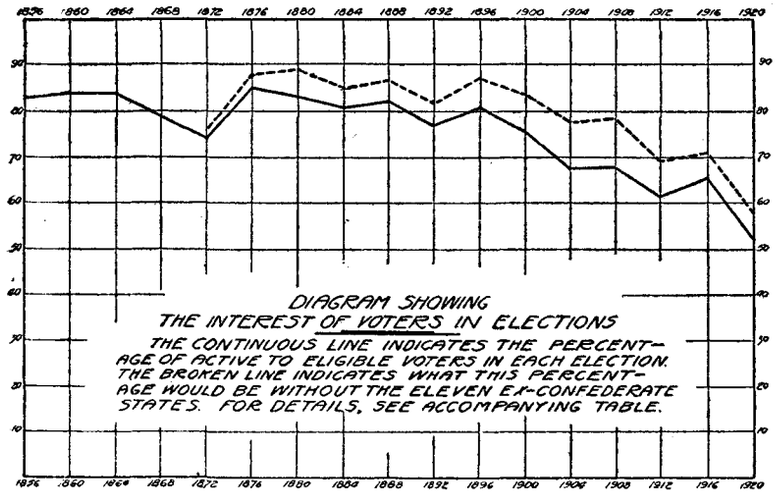
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DIAGRAM SHOWING
THE INTEREST OF VOTERS IN ELECTIONS
THE CONTINUOUS LINE INDICATES THE PERCENTAGE OF ACTIVE TO ELIGIBLE VOTERS IN EACH ELECTION. THE BROKEN LINE INDICATES WHAT THIS PERCENTAGE WOULD BE WITHOUT THE ELEVEN EX-CONFEDERATE STATES. FOR DETAILS, SEE ACCOMPANYING TABLE.

In the light of the elections prior to 1896, the 80 percent goal seems low rather than high. Yet it should be remembered that the absence of a certain number of voters is unavoidable, being due to circumstances beyond their power to alter. Many people are kept away by bad weather or by sickness or by the disabilities of age. In regard to the last point, it is suggestive that there were 4,933,215 persons sixty-five years of age or older in the United States in 1920, or more than 9 percent of the electorate. Another group of absentees consists of persons whose employment takes them away from their legal abodes much of the time, such as commercial travelers, soldiers, sailors, college students and certain classes of civil servants. Perhaps most numerous of all are the voters who are temporarily disfranchised by reason of changes of residence shortly before an election. Every state requires a certain length of previous residence as a qualification for voting, though the period varies from three months in Maine to two years in Alabama, with one year as the typical requirement. In addition, the voter must ordinarily meet special residence qualifications in the county, town or precinct or all three.

Finally, some allowance must be made for that rara avis, the conscientious non-voter. Abstention from the ballot is an article of faith in the case of certain small and singular religious sects, and is sometimes an obligation imposed on the public spirited citizen by his conviction that, in the particular election, no party or candidate stands for sound principles. A radical Republican might have felt that way in 1864, or a Democrat in the Grant-Greeley campaign of 1872. The number of such persons in a given election, however, is probably never very large.

In the second place, the chart suggests a fundamental explanation of the ebb and flow of the voters' interest in elections. The continuous line follows an irregular course, trending in a general downward direction but with alternate peaks and depressions. As the successive rises in the line show, the "peak" elections were the Civil War election of 1864, the hotly contested Hayes-Tilden campaign following the Grant era of misrule, the election of 1888 when the country first squarely faced the tariff issue, the never-to-be-forgotten battle over "free silver" in 1896, and the war versus peace election of 1916. In view of the character of these contests, it may be concluded that the stay-at-homes were relatively fewest when sharp and exciting issues marked the campaign.

This runs counter to the common assumption that the average American is more interested in magnetic or spectacular personalities in politics than in basic principles. The chart shows clearly that compelling political personalities without clear-cut issues have left the electorate relatively unmoved. Take Blaine in 1884, or Roosevelt in 1904 and 1912; or take Cleveland in 1884 and 1892 in comparison with the sharply defined issue in his campaign of 1888. Or to pursue the matter further, take Bryan in 1908 as contrasted with his candidacies in the "free silver" contest of 1896 or the "imperialism" election of 1900. Indeed, the highest percentage vote of modern times was polled in the canvass of 1876 when neither Hayes nor Tilden could be regarded as forceful or stirring.

In the third place, while the foregoing reflection is subtly flattering to the collective intelligence of the electorate, one's sense of nascent satisfaction is rudely snatched from him by the realization that, beginning with the election of 1876, each peak of maximum electoral interest is lower than the preceding one. Thus, in the four "peak" elections since 1876 the percentage of active to eligible voters shows a steady decline, as follows: 85.84, 82.46, 80.75, and 65.10. In other words, while it is possible under exceptional circumstances to rouse the electorate to a mighty exertion on election day, each succeeding exertion is feebler than the one before. Indeed, in the last "peak" election, that of 1916, the proportion of absentee voters was far greater than in the "depression" election of 1872 when many Democrats and Liberal Republicans wilfully refrained from voting because of the preposterous nomination of Greeley and because a widespread epizoötic among the horses made it difficult or impossible for voters in many parts of the country to get to the polls.

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We come now to the fourth and most startling revelation afforded by the chart, namely, that the greatest and swiftest decline of interest in voting has occurred in the contemporary period of politics since 1896. Whereas four out of five voters went to the polls in that year, only seven out of ten went in 1904, and in the Harding-Cox campaign of 1920 nearly as many electors stayed at home as voted. Like a creeping paralysis, the apathetic attitude has spread over the body politic, steadily enlarging the area of its devastation and waxing in vigor with the years. One trembles to contemplate the direction of this heart-line of democracy in future elections.

This phenomenon is all the more astonishing in view of certain other developments that characterized the period. Enrollment in the grade schools increased 164 percent from 1890 to 1918, in the high schools 473 percent, and in the colleges and universities 677 percent. Since the rate of population growth was only 170 percent, the electorate was constantly growing more widely educated throughout these years. It was also an era of great figures in national politics. To find a parallel for the age that produced Bryan, Roosevelt and Wilson, not to mention lesser lights, one would have to go back to the epoch of Jackson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun. Moreover, in every election from 1896 to 1916, one or more of these men was a candidate.

It is further to be noted that every presidential canvass since 1896 has involved an elaborate "campaign of education," or to put it bluntly, vast expenditures of funds for political purposes. Whether devoted to legitimate objects or not, money was spent on a scale unprecedented in the earlier history of the country, and for the primary purpose of bringing out the vote. At the same time, the physical conveniences of reaching the polls were greatly improved in the rural districts through the invention of the modern bicycle and later the automobile, the development of the "good roads" movement, and the rapid extension of interurban electric railways.

Only powerful tendencies could have counteracted these influences leading to a different result. In ascertaining what these forces and conditions were, statistical methods unfortunately are of little service; but to anyone who has lived through the period, explanations of the phenomenon will suggest themselves. To consider some of the less important first, it is entirely probable that the widespread introduction of the Australian ballot system since the early 'nineties has, by complicating the task of voting, tended to keep persons away from the polls. Indeed, A. C. Millspaugh has suggested that the average elector is subtly repelled by our modern procedure whereby voting is not "a deliberative function" but "a sort of furtive trick executed with a leashed pencil in a pine stall, the kind of craftsmanship which is humiliating to any self-respecting carpenter." The barrage of registration, though a quite justified safeguard of the purity of elections, is another bit of electoral machinery that has undoubtedly discouraged the fainthearted. Of course, where repetitions of registrations are most frequently required, as in large cities, this retarding influence is most potently felt.

Many people have laid the growing political indifference at the door of the South. The view deserves consideration because political conditions in that section are unlike those in any other. Unnumbered eligible negroes are prevented from voting by discriminatory practices of white registration officials, direct coercion or social disapproval. It is further true that, since the real contest in southern state elections is likely to occur in the Democratic primaries, the turnout of voters on election day, even in a presidential year, is apt to be small in comparison.

That these special circumstances have had an important effect on the voting average of the nation as a whole is shown on the chart. The broken line indicates what the percentage of active to legal voters would be in the United States in the period since 1872 if the eleven ex-Confederate states were left out of account. There is a rise in the existing percentage scale anywhere from less than 2 percent in 1872 (when the Force Acts were still being actively applied) to about 10 percent in 1904 and 1908. Thus it is fair to conclude that the South is disproportionately responsible for the high proportion of the absentee vote in the nation. On the other hand, even though the broken line runs at a higher level, the peaks and depressions appear very much as before, and since 1896 there is the same alarming plunge of the line downward. It is not possible, therefore, to blame the South for the increasing abstention of the electorate.

The growing political apathy has also been attributed to the foreign-born voters, who were presumed to be less diligent in their civic duties than their native-born brethren. This assumption is apparently based on the notion that the proportion of immigrant citizens eligible to vote has been on the increase, whereas, in reality, the contrary is true. Between one-fourth and one-fifth of the legal voters were foreign-born in 1856, about one-sixth in 1868, and approximately one-seventh in 1880. The ratio hovered between one-sixth and one-seventh until 1916 when it became approximately one-eighth. The election of 1920 showed another decline to a figure approaching one-ninth. It might be argued that, notwithstanding this decreasing ratio, "the results of the [army] psychological tests . . . indicate definitely that the average intelligence of succeeding waves of immigration has become progressively lower." This conclusion of Professor Brigham's, however, has been challenged by other competent psychologists, and in any case, it would take a bold person to maintain the existence of a correlation between native intelligence and frequency in voting.

Woman suffrage is another factor that requires appraisal. It was not to be expected that the adult

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women who suddenly found themselves in possession of the franchise should be as conscientious in its exercise as men who from childhood had been encouraged to think politically. However, only four sparsely settled western states possessed equal suffrage prior to the election of 1912, and since the number of women eligible to vote from 1892 to 1908 inclusive was a negligible element in the total national vote, the steadily waning interest of the electorate during these years cannot be attributed to the women.

The number of equal suffrage states increased to six in the election of 1912 and to twelve in the next election. The national voting percentage fell more sharply than usual from 1908 to 1912, which may be in part explained by the unwillingness of habitual Republicans to vote for either Taft or Roosevelt or to desert to the enemy, and rose again in 1916, which was due in large part probably to the war versus peace issue. In other words, the consequences of enlarging the suffrage were obscured in these elections by untoward events, though doubtless fewer women proportionately went to the polls than men.

The effect of equal suffrage was sharply manifest in 1920 when the women received the franchise by federal constitutional grant (though, as a result of registration laws in Georgia and Mississippi, they were prevented from voting in those states). In Illinois, the only state where the ballots of the two sexes were recorded separately, the women voted 46.5 percent of their electoral strength while the men voted 74.1 percent of theirs; or looking at it from a different point of view, let us say that two women voted for every three men. The participation of women the country over was probably much less, particularly in view of the suppression of the black female vote in the South. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, naturally an optimist on the subject, estimated that three women voted for every five men. Other factors, of course, served to discourage the voters of both sexes in 1920, notably the unappetizing character of the candidates and platforms presented by the major parties. Nevertheless, it may be concluded that, though until very recently the women have not been responsible for the falling away of the electorate, their enfranchisement has served to accelerate the trend in the last few elections.

Another possible factor in the situation is the benumbing influence which the sheer increase in the volume of votes may have upon the mind of the individual voter. In a veritable ocean of ballots the effect of a single ballot seems trifling; hence the familiar remark—"My vote is of no importance." Since, however, to a drop of water every sea is huge, it is doubtful whether this attitude is proportionately more prevalent today than, say, in 1856 or 1876. Indeed, as far back as 1835, Harriet Martineau was told by a "learned professor of a western college" that "he never took any interest in politics. What would be the use of his disturbing himself? How far does one man's vote go?" In still earlier days, when the franchise was much more restricted, the right to vote was a recognized badge of superiority, a perquisite of aristocracy, and no doubt a sense of vanity, if not of noblesse oblige, brought out a greater voting strength. That, however, is beyond the scope of the present inquiry.

The reasons thus far considered for the dwindling of the functioning electorate fail somehow to get at the heart of the problem. It is evident that more powerful forces than any yet mentioned were at work. In the judgment of the present writers, these basic influences were, first, the lessening differences between the parties, and second, the increasing complexity of modern life.

In regard to the first point, it should be remembered that following the Civil War the issues between the parties were, in the popular mind, few and sharply defined. The great military conflict colored the political thinking of the voters for a full generation, and gave to party rivalries a high emotional voltage. To the typical member of the G. O. P., voting the Republican ticket was like casting a ballot for Old Glory, and even as late as 1887 so sober a statesman as John Sherman could publicly execrate the Democratic party as "the left wing of the new Confederate army." Feeling on the Democratic side was hardly less intense.

But by 1890 a new generation of voters had grown up, and the incantation of "waving the bloody shirt" lost much of its potency. William McKinley, elected in 1896, was the last President who had a Civil War record. New and bewildering issues began to crowd the political scene—questions connected with the tariff, currency, trusts, labor and the like. The campaign of 1896 marked the explosive entry of these new issues into national politics, but failed utterly in achieving a reconstruction of the old parties along natural lines of cleavage in regard to them. Each party became a "house divided"—the Bryanites battling with the followers of Cleveland, and the Rooseveltians contending with the upholders of the McKinley-Hanna régime. Although the progressive wings of the two parties had more in common than the opposing wings of either party, the traditional alignments continued, party platforms became (in President Harding's language) "insincere utterances of expediency," and the inevitable result was confusion, incertitude and weariness in the minds of the voters.

To vote his convictions, a conscientious citizen had to become a specialist in political science, carefully choosing between a conservative Democrat and a progressive Republican in one election, and a progressive Democrat and a conservative Republican in the next. And even if the candidate of his choice were elected, he was likely to find the new President's program thwarted by the opposition of the President's own party in Congress. The average voter, bewildered if not disgusted, voted blindly—or voted not at all.

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Along with this artificial party situation must be considered a factor of even greater importance: the multifarious interests and multiplied opportunities of contemporary American life. For a generation after the Civil War the United States was predominantly a nation of farms and cross-roads villages. Life flowed along pretty nearly on a dead level, and interruptions of the routine were few and far between. To such a people a political rally had all the romance and dramatic interest of circus day, and they celebrated the occasion with barbecues and torchlight processions. Voting was a diversion as well as a duty. Furthermore, time existed for reading the few newspapers, and the relative merits of parties and platforms were discussed with keen zest.

Contrast this with the frantic, overorganized, spectacular, urbanized, machine-driven world we live in today—a world which has largely taken shape since the early 'nineties. Life today offers a thousand distractions unknown to the Americans of fifty or seventy-five years ago, not only in amusements and recreation but also in the attractiveness and variety of its means of livelihood. Private concerns have assumed an importance as compared with public affairs, of which the men of those days could never have dreamed, and have inevitably crowded politics into an almost forgotten background. The phenomenon is not peculiar to America, but has been observed anxiously by friends of popular government in European countries as well. The failure of the political life of the nation to hold its own amid the competing and compelling interests of modern civilization forms the central core of the problem presented by the absentee voter. And it must be solved if democracy is to survive under the conditions of complex modern life.

The practical citizen may legitimately inquire—"What advantage would it be to the nation to poll a greater voting strength at elections?" The answer depends upon the character of the stay-at-home vote, and unfortunately we know little accurately in regard to this point. The general impression may or may not be correct that the worst elements, especially in the cities, are assiduous voters at the behest of the machine politicians, whereas the "better classes," lacking this spur, are apt to be neglecful of their duties. In a recent article, Kenneth L. Roberts expressed the opinion that "radicals" and "fanatics" are enthusiastic voters, and that the absentees are recruited chiefly from the conservative elements. Additional evidence, equally unenlightening, is afforded by the results of a house-to-house canvass of voters in a municipal election in certain precincts of Columbus and Cincinnati in 1913, which indicated that the highest percentage of stay-at-homes was furnished by the slum districts.

When sufficient data are collected over a wide enough territory to permit of comparison, it may be found that the character of the absentee vote varies from community to community, or even from election to election in the same community, or perhaps that it does not represent any well defined section of the population. At any rate, few persons would maintain that the falling away of the active electorate is a survival-of-the-fittest process. The only safety for the republic consists in polling the highest possible proportion of the legal voters, or else in frankly disfranchising the undesirable classes. The latter process cannot safely be left to the operation of natural tendencies.

While it is the purpose of this article to expose and diagnose a disease rather than to propose a cure, a few things need to be said in conclusion. The purely mechanical discouragements to voting can be, and should be, promptly cared for. The short ballot should be substituted for the present long, complicated ballot. The procedure of secret voting, contrived originally for men by men, should be made more attractive to women voters; no private commercial concern today is so careless of its public's good will as is the government when it conducts an election. Likewise, the procedure of registration should be studied with the possibility of its simplification in mind—some states already permit registration by mail.

In view of the unusual mobility of the American population, something should be done to make the election machinery more responsive to actual needs. Nearly every state has an absent-voting law of some variety, but the privilege is usually hedged about with so many restrictions and technicalities that it fails of its greatest usefulness. Very serious too, is the provision which temporarily disfranchises a citizen for permanently changing his residence within a forbidden period prior to an election. While this may be a proper enough safeguard in the case of local elections, there is no sensible reason why a citizen should lose his presidential vote in Rhode Island simply because he removed across the border from Massachusetts within less than the two-year period prescribed by law.

As for the depressing effect which woman suffrage had upon the national voting average in 1920, this situation will probably right itself with the passage of time, particularly as new generations of the sex come of voting age. It is to be expected that after an election or so, women will tend to cast at least as high a proportionate vote as the men.

Compulsory voting has been said to be the answer to non-voting, and systems for penalizing absentees are now in operation in Belgium, Spain, certain provinces of Austria, New Zealand, Tasmania, Argentine and certain cantons of Switzerland. One of the chief difficulties in any scheme of obligatory voting is to affix an appropriate and easily administered penalty. If the non-voter is legally disfranchised, it is a case of the operation proving successful but the patient dying. If he is fined, the problem of collecting the fine presents itself—there were 24,369,926 absentees in the presidential election of 1920! It has recently been suggested by

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Samuel Spring that the desired result might be attained by increasing the taxes of those who failed to vote. The notion of drafting voters for an election runs counter to the traditional American conception of what constitutes individual liberty. The action of the California electorate in 1920 of rejecting such a proposal by a vote of 131,603 to 61,258 probably represents a fair sampling of American public opinion. Indeed, compulsory voting should be resorted to only as a last and desperate recourse. Meantime no stone should be left unturned to develop a spirit of dynamic citizenship and to cure those conditions which are basic causes of the existing situation.

It must be evident that the voters' interest will continue to lag if the parties continue to resemble two angry children who have not spoken to each other for so long that they have forgotten why they originally quarreled. A realignment of parties on a basis of clearly defined issues would constitute a direct challenge to the voters' attention, and help to give to politics those elements of the dramatic and of sportsmanship which are conspicuous by their absence today. But this is not enough—other things must be done to make the political life of the nation vital and teeming with interest. The schools can do much more than they have done to invigorate and humanize the study of history and civics, and to show the significant social bearings of such studies as chemistry and physics. The press, the radio, the pulpit, the universities, the labor unions, the chambers of commerce—all agencies of information, instruction and publicity must work as never before with the conscious purpose of restoring politics to its position as one of the major concerns of American life. Perhaps the effort may fail of success, but it is worth the making. If the people cannot be cajoled or coerced into taking an interest in their own government, the United States will be confronted with a still more serious problem, that of refashioning the government along lines that will function, even though such a reconstruction should violate many cherished historic ideals of the nation.

Note on Method of Computing Data.

A summary of election data, from 1856 to 1920, follows:

Year	Chief Candidates	Popular Vote	Eligible Vote	Percentage of Pop. to Eligible Vote	Same, Excluding South
1856	Buchanan-Fremont	4,194,088	5,021,956	83.51	
1860	Lincoln-Douglas, etc.	4,676,853	5,555,004	84.19	
1864	Lincoln-McClellan	4,024,792	4,743,249	84.85	
1868	Grant-Seymour	5,724,686	7,208,164	79.42	
1872	Grant-Greeley	6,466,165	8,633,058	74.90	76.54
1876	Hayes-Tilden	8,412,733	9,799,450	85.84	88.86
1880	Garfield-Hancock	9,209,406	11,024,900	83.53	88.98
1884	Cleveland-Blaine	10,044,985	12,412,538	80.92	85.82
1888	Harrison-Cleveland	11,380,860	13,800,176	82.46	87.82
1892	Cleveland-Harrison	12,059,351	15,488,748	77.85	82.82
1896	McKinley-Bryan	13,923,102	17,241,642	80.75	87.57
1900	McKinley-Bryan	13,959,653	18,272,264	76.39	84.31
1904	Roosevelt-Parker	13,510,648	19,864,495	68.00	78.31
1908	Taft-Bryan	14,888,442	21,598,493	68.93	78.73
1912	Wilson-Roose't-Taft	15,036,542	24,276,236	61.95	69.65
1916	Wilson-Hughes	18,544,579	28,484,046	65.10	71.47
1920	Harding-Cox	26,786,758	51,156,684	52.36	57.65

These data were computed in the following manner:

The census returns of 1870 and later give the whole number of males of voting age in the various states; this number may be computed with approximate accuracy from data given in the earlier censuses. Since the states generally impose special restrictions on the suffrage, it was necessary in the case of each state to deduct from the above totals those persons barred from voting. Subtractions were accordingly made for (1) immigrants who were not naturalized, with due allowance for the fact that certain states permit declarants to vote; (2) Indians not taxed (when such figures were available); (3) criminals, idiots and insane; (4) negroes prior to their enfranchisement; (5) illiterates (though owing to the incompleteness of the census returns and the infrequency of literacy qualifications this factor was ignored prior to 1900); and (6) paupers in those states which deny them the franchise.

Since information in regard to naturalization was lacking in the censuses prior to 1890, the average ratio of naturalized male adult foreigners to the whole number of male adult immigrants was computed from the censuses of 1890, 1900, 1910 and 1920 (namely, 51.685 percent) and was used to determine the number of foreign-born voters in the earlier elections. By a similar method it was estimated that 9.625 percent of the male adult aliens with their first papers could vote in those states which permitted the practice. In the election of 1864 the eleven Confederate states were excluded, as were also 369, 659 Union soldiers in the field, for whom no voting arrangements had been made. In 1868 the unreconstructed states were left out of the count. In the more recent period, special conditions affecting the suffrage in certain southern states, such as "understanding clauses" and "grandfathers' clauses," could not be taken into account for lack of proper data. Nor could any account be taken of tax-paying or property-owning qualifications which are occasionally to be found among the restrictions of a state.

Where election years did not coincide with census years, the legal vote was computed by adding one-fifth, two-fifths, three-fifths or four-fifths(as the case might be) of the difference between the legal vote of the two census years to the legal vote of the earlier census year. Beginning in 1892, due allowance was made for woman suffrage. In all elections allowance was also made for the District of Columbia and for the territories. After the eligible vote had been determined as accurately as possible, the election returns were consulted in the World Almanac, and the percentage of the popular vote to the potential vote was calculated for each election.

Arthur M. Schlesinger.
Erik McKinley Eriksson.

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Why I Shall Vote for La Follette-V

La Follette and Peace

NO other question in politics matters as much as better relations between countries. Not vain rhetoric, but our best judgment, says that another war may exhaust civilization and condemn us to perhaps a century of retrogression. Therefore, if I did not think the La Follette movement promoted peace, I should not be with the movement.

In the promotion of peace devices are important, but I rather think national currents are even more important. The foreign planks of the new progressive platform do not mention some of the devices which I uphold. They mention others which promise much. The spirit is wholly good.

In 1918-19 certain devices were of more importance than they now are. We hoped then that France might not invade Germany. We hoped the Treaty would soon be revised toward the promises that were given before Germany laid down her arms. What would have happened if the United States had gone in I do not know. We had an election in 1920 in which it became clear, to my mind at least, that the American people cannot be brought into the League by debate. If they go in it will be by the creation of new ideas and habits abroad and here.

I supported Mr. Wilson when his fight was on because I believed the defects of the treaties and the League would cure themselves better with us at the council table. What I sought by one means then I must seek in changed circumstances now. If we ever join the League as an associate member, in the way Colonel House intelligently suggests, the national attitude of our people toward world politics must be changed. The platform of the new movement aims at changing our attitude and the attitude of the world.

At the Cleveland Convention one day I found myself sitting next to Senator Shipstead:

"I cannot say I much admire your crowd on foreign relations." I said. "While the British Labor party and the French liberal government work to give us coöperation between nations, instead of the old secrecy and suspicion, you people bark at the proposals of every one else and offer nothing."

Senator Shipstead has been one of the most relentless opponents of measures in which I have believed, but I hold him to be a man of thought and a true representative of his region. I cared to bring the issue up with him, because I felt that until people like him and people like me could get together not much was likely to be accomplished.

The Senator replied earnestly. He said that when we have a government as advanced as the British Labor government, American radicals can find a method of coöperating, but not under the old financial imperialism. The La Follette platform says nothing about either the World Court or the League of Nations. But it does strike out for change from the bottom up. It is for an active foreign policy. To do what? One step is the economic rehabilitation of Europe. Nor is that a mere theory, without self-interest behind it, that enlightened self-interest which Goethe called the safest rule of action. It is founded on the belief that our farmers and working men suffer when Europe suffers.

The Versailles Treaty is to be revised to agree with our promises before the German surrender. That is plain morality, easily understood. It is a better thing for Americans to think of than is the over-simplified war-guilt of Germany. It is part of the education that the world absolutely must have if the peace foundation is to be secure.

And what does it mean when the platform says we are to outlaw war? It means we are no longer to accept political changes as settled when they are brought about by force. That too means a revolution in thought.

Our foreign policy, while it is to be active, is not to be in support of those of our citizens who choose to place their money in foreign ventures. To the notion that it is the duty of young men to die because old men have been bad investments we say a glad farewell.

Big armies and navies and air fleets are a standing invitation to war. The La Follette platform stands for drastic reduction of armaments of all kinds. It stands against conscription. It urges referendums on war as part of the individual laws of the nations, brought about by treaties. Such changes would revolutionize our thought. After they were established and made part of our regular ideas it would be difficult to scrap them suddenly and go to war with the old rashness.

Perhaps along this line is America's contribution. At any rate it is building from the bottom. It is work that needs to be done. The League of Nations has done much toward making peace a reality. It is hard to say it has done more toward that end than has the existence of the labor party in England.

Prideful obstinacy is no part of political intelligence. Some things are won by fighting and some things are won by peace, and by many efforts not all tied together in one plan. I believe that fighting about the league in this country will set us back.

Suppose a horse becomes frightened at a certain poplar tree near the entrance to his barn. He is convinced it is a menace. You do not get that horse over his distrust by trying to whip him up to the tree. The wise trainer leads him only as near the tree as he can get without a struggle. The next day

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he can get him a little nearer. Soon his alarm evaporates. A too urgent driver might have fixed the issue in the horse's mind forever.

I support the La Follette ticket because it means progressivism, particularly on the economic and industrial side. I support it because it seeks to broaden the base of our national life, to distribute power more fully, to keep the theory of our political democracy pure and translate it into action. I hope to see here the equivalent of the British Labor party, expressing the thought not of place and power and pride, but of labor and justice. I am able to support it because this birth of democracy at home is the only way in which we can be brought to play a rôle of spiritual leadership abroad. Perhaps if we coöperated closely in foreign affairs before we became pure ourselves, we might do harm to Europe. Our imperial money might impede the purification that Europe through sorrow may win. Through the new party I hope to see America free herself from greed and fear. Then she will find a way in which she can sit around the table with other nations, also freed from greed and fear.

NORMAN HAPGOOD.

(*This is the fifth in a series of articles, of which the sixth will appear in an early issue.*)

Angora, the New

IT is not only in Europe that there is bewilderment at the decision of the new rulers of Turkey to abandon the secular capital of historic empires, situated as if nature herself had destined it to be queen of empires in order to found a new capital some hundreds of miles in the interior of Asia. Astonishment and resentment are felt also in Constantinople, perhaps more in Constantinople than elsewhere. In addition to the amazement attendant upon ceasing to be for the first time in almost fifteen centuries the mistress, spiritual and temporal, of a large part of the world, there is the disdain which the cultivated capital always feels for the rude province. That during a period of military stress and during a period of occupation of Constantinople by foreign forces, the country should find the seat of its recuperation in the remote interior is understandable. But that when this period was finished, the new leaders should continue seriously to turn their backs on a city which with Rome and Peking is one of the great capitals of the world, is incredible.

The railway journey does not lessen the wonder. After passing through western Anatolia, a country beautiful and picturesque by turns, the train mounts the central great plateau. The region is like nothing more than some of our far western plateaus, modified by the foot hills of the Rockies: treeless as far as the eye can reach; occasional herds of sheep and cattle; here and there grain fields which testify to a precarious "dry farming;" almost no houses, the occasional village, small and tucked away in a ravine in the side of some hill, eroded as if to serve as a geological model for a class of students in physical geography. One tries to imagine an emergency which should cause the permanent removal of our seat of government from Washington to some frontier town in Wyoming—realizing, however, that the analogy hardly holds, since Washington is a parvenu compared with that city which has passed through the hands of many peoples, but has always remained the imperial city of the ruling nation or race of the time.

After only a few hours in Angora, the mood changes. Scenically it puts forth its own charm, different as it is from that union of sea, straits and varied hills that makes Constantinople unique. Its charm is more oriental; it speaks definitely the language of Asia without a European accent. The city sits on a hill which has that air which compels one to think and say Acropolis; this Acropolis dominates the sweep of hilly plains that have the effect of merging into infinite space—an effect confirmed by luminous dust which glorifies as well as obscures. And historically the site has much to say for itself, uttering its message with more obviousness and with less dependence upon an imagination fed by historic lore than Constantinople. For no where in Constantinople is there a classic ruin so striking—one cannot say complete—as that of the temple built by the provincials in honor of Cæsar Augustus; the old walls while not extensive are much more massive than those of the city of the Bosphorus. As one rides around the city-acropolis in the valley which girds it, the walls dominate the scene instead of having to be traced by a voyage of archaeological exploration. There is the old column of a later Roman empire, its capital being now the abode of an enormous stork's nest—a feature of the landscape which if present plans succeed and Angora becomes in deed as well as in name the centre of a rejuvenated nation will before many years be part of the familiar stock of the tourist picture post-cards.

When the eye turns from the obviously visible to the written record Angora appears anything but a remote and dilapidated Asiatic village. It contains everything of historic significance which marks any town of Asia Minor save the early science and philosophy of some of the Greek coast colonies, and perhaps has accumulated a greater variety of significant episodes and vicissitudes in its past than any other one city. It testifies in turn to invading Gauls, Alexander the Great, St. Paul, or the author of the epistle to the Galatians, Mithridates and Pompey, Saracens and Crusaders, and the fierce Tamerlane, as well to later Moslem conquerors. The time of

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its greatest glory was that of the Roman empire when according to archæologists it was the most elaborate and most beautiful, architecturally, of all provincial cities in Europe or Asia. Such historic reminiscences are of some present significance, for they are evidence of the central position of Angora, a meeting place for movements of men and goods between the Black sea and Cilicia and Syria north and south, and between Persia and Constantinople east and west. This central location is given on the spot as the chief reason for making it the new capital, military safety and liberation from the dangers of foreign intrigue at Constantinople being secondary. From here it is said, "it is easy to watch over the whole of Asia Minor, to keep in touch with its needs, to respond to the requirements of the people. Constantinople is too far to one side. One ignores or forgets there the real state of the country and its necessities."

However, it is not the historic memories which make the great appeal in Angora, and which go far to induce the visitor to believe that the instincts of the new leaders are truer than the sophisticated wisdom of Constantinople. These associations blend with the bold and picturesque beauty of the place simply to reinforce the sense of the adventurous and pioneer spirit which the activities of the present create. In comparison with the efforts being put forth, Constantinople seems not old but tired; here we get the impression that man and nature have met neither in harsh hostility nor in a surrender of man to nature, but in a challenge to athletic combat. The very immensity of the task, its seeming hopelessness, have awakened new and fresh vigor. We readily abandon ourselves to a mood in which everything that greets the eye becomes symbolic. The carriage bumps over rocks and plows through sands on roads the like of which exist only in Asia. Then one comes upon stretches paved with well cut and well laid stone blocks, or solidly macadamized; one sees scores of men laboring in the gravel of the river preparing the materials for miles of modern highway which are in course of construction. Carts with solid wooden wheels swerve to let motor cars pass. Robust, well set up soldiers with modern equipment pass with energetic step; small boys high on donkeys with panniers on either side mix with gray bearded, turbaned Turks sitting their donkeys with a benign gravity as if the lofty saddles were thrones.

In addition to the hundreds working on highways, there are hundreds making an extension of the railway, and other hundreds engaged in constructing new houses for this old town which has suddenly doubled its population and multiplied its importance. Between old stone walls above going back to early centuries of our era and adobe houses on a lower level, the most conspicuous buildings are two modern primary school buildings, one named for Mustapha Kemal and the other for his wife. By the side of men laboring with an activity which for the Orient is almost feverish; there are scores of men and women sitting idly in the sun, hardly sparing the energy even for gossip, gazing into immemorial vacancy with minds which appear as ancient and as vacant. Women wash their clothes by the brook, heating the water in great copper kettles which they have brought on their backs, set on hearths which they have improvised from the stones of the rivulet. Across the valley from the massive and sharply cut ascent on which stands the old city lies a gently sloping hill, which we are told is the site of the future city. Representatives of an American firm are now in the town discussing with the government the terms of the contract for making this new city with modern water supply, trams, streets, public buildings, private residences. There are certain hitches, the matter is not yet decided; but sooner or later, if not by this firm, then in some way or other, a new city, the capital of a newTurkey will rise there, the emblem of a risen Turkey.

Amid this strange union of the oldest and the newest in the world, there grows the feeling of something familiar—something akin to the work of the pioneer and the frontier in America. And unbidden the conclusion is formed in the mind that however it may be with others, it is not for one whose ancestors left a civilized and formed country to go out into the wilderness and build a new country to question what the present leaders of Turkey are doing. Whether the outcome is failure or success—adventure, energy, determination and hope attend the undertaking. There are various kinds of old age. And if the age for which Constantinople stands is that of decay, of a world steeped in the belief that as things have been so must they ever be, it may be that those are right who say that the old age of Anatolia is one which conserves the pristine virtues of an unspoiled peasantry, as energetic in the civil arts of peace as they are vigorous and enduring in a war for independence.

At all events, I shall try to preserve that feeling which came upon me in the first hours of seeing Angora that its selection as a capital and the will to build far away from the memories and traditions of Constantinople a new centre of government is an heroic venture, symbolizing faith in the possibilities of the Asiatic peasant. One can hear about and read about this faith in Constantinople, one cannot get its reality there. The impression may turn out only a dream. But in a Europe where most dreams are but nightmares, I claim for myself the right to cherish this particular dream as long as it is possible to keep it alive. It is paradoxical that it should be necessary for a nation to go into Asia in order to make sure that it is to be Europeanized. But the leaders at least wish that Turkey be Europeanized in their own way and for their own benefit. And history itself is an incredible paradox, of which the mingling of old and new in Angora is but a symbol.

JOHN DEWEY.

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Our Professional Patriots

VIII. The Constitution Worshippers

Beneath the Constitution's shade,
A boon and shield of peerless worth,
We stand erect and unafraid,
Unmatched in all the teeming earth.

The Constitution: still it stands
August, majestic, lofty, lone;
No fabric wrought by human hands
Such strength and symmetry has shown.

To us belongs the pious task
To ward from it its gathering foes,
Both those who lurk 'neath friendship's mask
And those who deal it hostile blows.

THIS was written by Archibald Hopkins for the National Security League to teach the young of America a proper veneration for our great written instrument of government. There are sixteen more verses which I might have quoted, all bearing upon the subject in hand, but that I know how close I stand to the admonition dreaded of childhood, to wit: "That isn't funny any more!"

Patriots succeed in making ridiculous anything they touch. The Constitution, perhaps, is the one exception. That, in itself, is a tribute to the Constitution for it has been subjected to every possible patriotic exaggeration and antic and that it comes off still honorable and respectable and strong in its own implicit dignity is no fault of patriotism.

"Behind the Veil" is the expression of the Constitution worship of the Better America Federation of California. It is one of those leaflets, neither better nor worse than its authors, but it contains passages which are worthy of quotation in this connection. The passages deal, of course, with the attacks upon, and protection of, the Constitution.

> "During the past twenty-five years, subtle plans have been developing for the gradual weakening, leading to the ultimate abandonment of the Constitution of the United States. This entire movement has been adroitly directed by the Communist Internationale. . . The movement toward the disintegration of the Constitution began right here in California twenty-five years ago with agitation for the initiative, referendum and recall . . . Not one of the states which have adopted them could have done so if the state officials had been true to the oath each of them had taken to support, maintain and defend the Constitution. . .

One other observation is timely at the moment. Adopt violence as your means of effecting change in the direction or the form of government and you are a Red, of course, without any need of further discussion. According to the lights of Constitution worship you are no less a Red if you seek change through the very channels which the Constitution itself provides. It is well for those to whom the stigma of Red-ness is repellent to bear this lamentable situation clearly in mind. By the patriotic dogma of Constitution worship there is no avoiding Red-ness short of sitting absolutely and imperviously tight, expressing no preferences, holding no opinions.

The Constitution worshipper's test of patriotism is the applicant's profession regarding any and all future amendments to the Constitution (except the Wadsworth-Garrett Amendment, the purpose of which is to make all subsequent amendments a much more difficult business than amendments hitherto have been) and any form of federal aid legislation and any type of federal or state bureau. If he does not profess himself opposed to all such, he is not eligible. Indeed—we may as well call a spade a spade—he is a communist. The Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor and the Children's Bureau, no less, are composed of communists. How so? Do they not, both of them, advocate federal aid legislation, notably the Maternity and Infancy Act and the Child Labor Amendment? Foreign ideas? Betrayals of the Spirit of '76? "The Maternity Act involved communistic government interference in the domestic relations and so does the Child Labor Amendment. . . . The Maternity Bill was the first step of danger to our government." There it is in the proverbial nutshell and worth examining because only in Constitution worship and particularly in constitutional leagues and societies, do we find the perfect patriotic union of folly with baseness.

Let me, here and now, make my purpose clear. I am going to discuss Constitution worship in terms of the Child Labor Amendment (S. J. R. 19—H. J. R. 66) proposed by Senator McCormick and Congressman Foster and endorsed by the Children's Bureau. I am going to discuss it in terms of this amendment because this amendment offers to Constitution worship the most direct of opportunities to over-ride tradition and prejudice in favor of humanity—an opportunity of which Constitution worship fails to take advantage.

My chief authorities are two societies and a paper. The paper is the Woman Patriot of Washington, a professional conservative lobbyists' sheet of which one Mary G. Kilbreth is spokeswoman and one Eichelberger is editor. The societies are the American Constitutional League* and the Sentinels of the Republic. A minor voice comes with the Sentinels from Boston: the voice of the Massachusetts Public Interests League. It is of interest, in

* Not to be confused with the American Constitutional Association of Charleston, West Virginia.

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passing, to see how all of these societies and others, which we have elsewhere encountered, are united in this great, this supreme patriotic obligation to protect the Constitution.

When the Sentinels convene in Washington, the American Defense Society and the National Security League join with them. So do the Woman Patriot and five constitutional societies and the Massachusetts Public Interests League. So does the American Legion and the National Association of Manufacturers. And they all unite against any limitation on the power of the Supreme Court, against any federal aid legislation, and against any new federal or state bureaus and in favor of all possible abolitions of existing bureaus and of the Wadsworth-Garrett "Back-to-the-People" Amendment and against any other proposed amendment on amending.

However unimportant the influence of any single patriotic group, no patriotic group can be singly considered. It is in this combined bulk, with all the press publicity which it can command, that militant patriotism at last emerges as what it really it, the most formidable and the most inarticulate obstructionist bloc in the country.

> We stand [says the Women's Constitutional League of Maryland] for the preservation of the principles of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights of the States and of the United States in letter and in spirit, against violation, whether in the name of socialism, feminism or in the name of humanity, or in whatever guise the effort is made to subvert the system of ordered progress under the forms of law and with respect to the just rights of all men that we have inherited from the founders of the American Constitution and from the mother country wherein that system was first conceived . . . We ask for the Constitution as granted to us by our forefathers . . .

Thus, plausibly, does Constitution worship promulgate its excommunication upon the proposed Child Labor Amendment.

I have kept Miss Kilbreth and the Woman Patriot separate because I want Miss Kilbreth and her paper to have full credit for their constitutional loyalty. I should explain that the Woman Patriot began as the Woman's Protest, the official organ of the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. "We were beaten in the Supreme Court on the nineteenth amendment," Miss Kilbreth explains, "the people themselves must protect their own interests now!"

Inasmuch as the Woman Patriot seems to be the principle organ of Constitution worship (and no less a useful voice to War Department propaganda against the pacifists and the boring-from-within radical women) I list quotations without any comment and with Mr. Eichelberger's own editorial italics:

> However worthy the motives of *some* proponents of the proposed Child Labor Amendment, it is a proof of the recent tremendous stride of *Socialism in Legislation* that this proposed amendment embodies one of the most extreme demands of the Socialist platform of 1916 . . .
>
> The Children's bureau desires to impose *international and European standards on every section of the country* . . . The zeal of the Children's Bureau is without limitations, it seems, and only tactical considerations prevent it from doing *anything it desires* . . .
>
> Child Welfare is one of the shrewdest devices that women politicians have invented . . . enabling them to use child welfare campaigns for their own benefit . . . It solves the problem of *getting at the housewives* and gives the central children's bureau a political machine for intensive pressure on the legislature . . .
>
> It is not strange that many doctrines of professional child welfarers are in parallel with those of Communist leaders . . . In a symposium entitled *Child Welfare* . . . the following statement is made: " . . . there emerged childhood as the chief concern and the main emphasis in the present social welfare movement . . . This emphasis has taken many social students and workers to a point where adults are considered of significance largely as a means to an end and that end is better, healthier, happier children . . ." Compare the above with the following Communistic doctrine from *Soviet Russia* . . . : "The children . . . they have really become, as it were the idée fixe of the Russian revolution."

One more burst of Miss Kilbreth's impassioned and devastating argument:

> As women we are particularly concerned in the violation of the right of castle aspect of this amendment—possibly even more than in any other constitutional aspect of it. As women that is very immediate to us . . . Nobody would dare today to exploit the child. At least no one would dare to do it openly . . . You will deprive the child of all the practical moral training inherent in work as against a purely theoretical brain stuffing from books . . . We oppose any more changes in the Constitution being imposed on the nation, clamped down irrevocably without the people themselves having any voice whatever in these changes. We hope, in fairness to the people, that the Wadsworth-Garrett amendment will be transmitted to the states ahead of all other amendments.

It is not germane to criticize these quotations as arguments, though I recognize the legitimacy of some of them. I realize that they must be the arguments of the "legitimists" who see salvation only in the revival of the spirit of the founders just as the French "legitimists" see salvation only in the restoration of the régime. The spirit of the founders is further behind us than the Bourbons are behind France, but my point is not that. My point is that the clearest humanitarian and social issue since Lincoln emancipated the slaves should have given rise to any arguments at all.

Obstruction is to be expected, and dreaded, from

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Constitution worship as from the worship of any institution. The "ignorant and indiscriminate loyalty" which Constitution worship implies may be evoked to cloak many sins; the spirit which fosters it on behalf of so noble an institution as our Constitution is, of itself, sinful and deeply so. Thus we proceed from child labor to Constitution worship as such.

There is a wide movement afoot—the most important constructive movement now pressed by patriots—to impress and impose Constitution worship with its reverence and loyalty upon the school children of the whole country. I shall be accused of twisting and misinterpreting the movement. I answer the accusation with the fact of Constitution Day. Constitution Day is different from all our other holidays: they are commemorations of events and of ideas which the events expressed—Constitution Day is a celebration of the inviolability of an institution.

We face now and in this uncomfortably close situation, the choice, not superficially between liberals and conservatives, but fundamentally between "the advocates of inquiry and the advocates of belief," and a great deal hangs for us upon our decision. And we have nowhere so clearly embodied the advocacy of belief as in this determined devotion to the Constitution as an inviolable and unalterable and unimproved holiness. True to historic form, we stick to our devotion in spite of change and circumstance and now demand and exalt it with stupid loyalist propaganda and with vilifying of any man or woman who presumes to recognize facts rather than traditions.

The National Security League, now, is after the inculcation of Constitution worship in the minds of young Americans. It issues and very efficiently circulates series of pamphlets and leaflets (the poem at the beginning of this article is one of them) as literature of a "Patriotism through Education" campaign. The league has been instrumental in promoting laws to require Constitution instruction in some thirty states. I take this matter too seriously to illustrate the work of the league with any more of its patriotic absurdities—a series of dramatizations, for example, of the several articles and amendments of the Constitution, written for the league by school children and circulated by the league for school children to act. I do not doubt the advisability of teaching the Constitution. I only want to know in what spirit it is taught. Here is this annual oratorical contest, for another example, "to increase interest in and respect for the Constitution" with its grand prize of one thousand dollars and nearly 50,000 boy and girl participants last year. And here is the league, again, offering ten prizes of $750 each for stories interpretive of the Constitution upon this novel prospectus:

> The writing of such stories by master hands will be a work of Americanism and patriotism which will extend for the rest of time in the educational system of this country and *help to perpetuate the Constitution* in its integrity. We are looking for a "Robinson Crusoe," "Alice in Wonderland," or "Treasure Island."

Those italics are mine and I make them because, hundred percenter though I am, I do not believe communism itself to be more inimical to American progress and well-being and to the very continuance of the Constitution than this doctrine of "ignorant and indiscriminate loyalty."

Again, the National Security League (and all of the company of militant patriots) are eternally insisting that the Constitution is "not a dead, dull document" but "romantic and the very substance of our freedom and more alive and more needful than ever." Which should be true and, I trust, is. I do not for a moment deny the romance of the Constitution or the living need for it. But I see, therefor, all the greater urgency for protecting it—not so much from its enemies who have little power to harm it, as from its worshippers who are in a fair way to suffocate it.

At this point this series comes to an end. I might have added an essay upon a Christian, tolerant patriotism, or even a philosophy of patriotism, but this is journalism. The trouble with the professional patriot, as I see it, is the same as the trouble with the irreligious man—he hasn't sufficient faith or enthusiasim or determination to reconcile a paradox which defies reason. The professional patriot cannot love his country and endure the idea of change. The irreligious man cannot worship his God and grasp the idea of evil. Faith in God implies an acceptance of paradox. Patriotism implies it no less.

You may care deeply about a certain place or certain people or certain standards or ideas or traditions of civilization wtihout being committed to their inalterability.

You are not committed to any demonstration of love of country any more than you are committed to any demonstration of faith in God. Demonstrations pervert both patriotism and religion and make them dangerous to man's welfare. Only through individualism can they be safely approached.

You cannot teach love of country except by developing lovableness of country. There is as always a lesson in England which through long centuries of tolerance and of the development of freedom, has maintained the noblest and truest patriotism the world has ever known—a patriotism which is really love of country uncorrupted by love of institutions. Institutions want respect to be sure but not love, not worshipful loyalty. That is the fallacy of the prodigious patriotism—it give us institutions to worship, slogans to worship, shibboleths to worship and desperately tries to frighten us into worshipping them and it.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

(This is the eighth and last of a series of articles.)

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Fanhood Suffrage

HORACE W. WITHERSPOON, attorney-at-law, insurance, mortgage loans, chairman Republican Central Committee, is the arbiter of Woppington's political and economic destinies. He is a power in the sash and blinds factory, a substantial figure in the Brick Church, and he has, in our quaint phrase, "a good deal to say" in the Farmers Bank and Trust Company. Elmer Durkin, to whom no subject is sacred, once said: "He holds us in the hollow of his head."

Politics is a seasonal trade with "Judge" Witherspoon. He becomes genial and expansive every alternate October on the even years, and tonight he was shedding a few kindly beams in Elmer's news emporium and bureau of misinformation.

"I see Coolidge welcomed the Senators home after they won the pennant," he said. "Well, that won't hurt him any. It's too bad Washington folks can't vote."

"It always tickles me to see a politician crashing the gate to get into the human race," laughed Elmer, with who knows what personal implications. "They all take a shot at it—even Coolidge."

"Oh, come now, Elmer! Coolidge is probably as human as anybody—in private life."

"Fair enough; but he hasn't been in private life since the fall of 1642. What I mean, Judge, edging into the fillum with Walter Johnson won't make Cal look like a speed merchant at all."

"He's not a ball pitcher, he's a hay pitcher." Mr. Witherspoon was obviously in one of his lighter moods.

"And a vote catcher," added Elmer. "Any guy that would pitch hay when he don't have to is trying to slip something over.

"I see where he blows himself to a nice cheap walk every morning. Probably he calls it a Constitutional. Does that come under the head of pleasure? Not with little Willie. I spent Sunday once pounding the Washington pavements and I was ashamed to speak to my feet for a week after the dirty deal I gave 'em."

"The City of Magnificent Distances," chuckled Mr. Witherspoon. "Well, well, if it isn't Dink Hubbell!"

It was, indeed, but the newcomer seemed surprised at his sudden popularity in high places.

"How are you, Judge? Ever'body well?"

"Let's leave it to Dink," said Elmer. "He's squirrel food about sports. Who's the champeen athalete of all the guys running for President?"

"How do you get that way? None of 'em are ever any good; that's only bunk."

"See, Judge? Even Dink don't flop for it. They're all sub-dubs. John W. Davis may shoot a little golf for the Sunday supps but you notice he never tips his mitt about the score. Wilson and Harding were golfers, too, but did they ever worry old man Bogey any? I heard different."

"The science of politics," said the oracle," consists in making a statesman popular with the masses. That was the weakness of Judge Hughes. The only time his name ever appeared on the sporting page was when he opposed horseracing."

"You take La Follette now—"

"I won't!" said Mr. Witherspoon.

"Well, anyway you'll admit that when it comes to politics he's crazy like a fox. You notice Bob doesn't pull any of this red-blooded, he-man stuff. He may be a wham in a Chautalkfest but he wouldn't know a stymie from a catcher's mask. He don't wear milk on his shoes, either, like Magnus Johnson, or dally with the old oaken sap-bucket, or smoke a trick pipe, or play bottle pool like Charley Bryan. Dink, you've got nice low tastes; would you vote for a guy because he pokes a mean cue?"

"I'd vote against any man that plays bottle pool. Or Kelly either. It's bad enough to have to listen to them roughnecks over at Ed Thorne's place."

"Score an error for Charles. His big brother wouldn't pull a boner like that. He's threw plenty of bull in his day but he never tried to bust into the pink, five-star sporting final.

"Every man to his line; if you want a thing well done, hire a guy that does it that way."

"You're forgetting Roosevelt," said Mr. Witherspoon. "He capitalized all those things—hunting, horseback-riding, boxing, tennis, wood-chopping. I don't suppose he was a champion at any of them, but they made him popular."

"Looks like reverse English to me, Judge. He made *them* popular. That old boy could have played croquet and made 'em like it."

"Then what is the secret of political popularity?"

"If I knew that would I be running a newsbutcher shop in a jay town? T. R. had it—and Bryan—and Al Smith. Wilson got by without it and Davis is a total loss. All I know—it's nothing about arms and legs. People wouldn't be feverish in the dome about Cal Coolidge if he could whang the old apple like Babe Ruth."

"Where do you get that Babe Ruth stuff?" Thus Dick Hubbell suddenly reëntered the conversation. "That big stiff ain't a patch on Ty Cobb."

"Nonsense, Dink!" exclaimed Mr. Witherspoon sharply. "The records show—"

In the stormy fifteen minutes that followed Elmer made two fruitless efforts to get the talk back into the safe channels of politics.

"This campaign is a flat tire till after the World's Series," said Elmer to himself, for nobody else was listening. "The republic may be teetering on the ragged edge, but a fan's a fan for a' that."

FELIX RAY.

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A COMMUNICATION

Is Mr. Davis a Liberal?

SIR: It is easy to make out a case for voting for Mr. Davis. One may vote for him as a way of condemning the laxity that was unearthed in high places during the Harding administration; one may vote for him as a way of condemning the Republican party for the lack of harmony between the executive and legislative branches of the government; one may vote for him because one favors a low tariff, or finally because of his affirmative attitude towards the League of Nations. It is just as easy to find a reason of this kind for voting against him. One may vote against him, for example, because one favors a high tariff, or because one favors informal and non official coöperation with the League of Nations, or because one objects to placing in power a party whose national convention had to take a hundred ballots before it could eliminate Mr. McAdoo, or finally because one does not wish to trust the Government to a party whose main strength is in the Southern States which are honeycombed with the Ku Klux Klan.

Any one of these may be a sufficient reason for voting for Mr. Davis or for voting against him, but none of them has anything to do with the issue of liberalism which he himself has raised, and which conditions in this country have raised in the LaFollette candidacy. Mr. Davis's liberalism cannot be established by any claim which he made after his nomination, or by anything which he has said or done since, because acts and utterances subsequent to his nomination, in so far as they are not confirmed and supported by acts and utterances of his previous career, must be regarded as tactical moves. Mr. Coolidge is a candid and thoroughgoing conservative, who will attract the conservative vote. Radicals, progressives and liberals tend towards LaFollette as a means of expresing their objections to both parties, and in the hope of either establishing a third party, or forcing a realignment and purification of both the Republican and Democratic parties. Liberal utterances on Mr. Davis's part subsequent to his nomination, in so far as they are not supported by acts and utterances of his previous career, are therefore entirely explicable as a means of attracting from the LaFollette movement voters of progressive and liberal inclination. If this move were successful, it would bring to Mr. Davis's support a large body of young men and women who are disgusted with the personnel and tactics of the two great parties, and it would leave LaFollette with the economically discontented, the extreme radicals.

Mr. Davis has made a plea for "common honesty." Assuredly, however, honesty is not simply a matter of financial transactions. It applies with equal force in the intellectual realm. It is therefore, incumbent upon Mr. Davis and his supporters to show that he is not only claiming to be a liberal and talking more or less liberal doctrine since his nomination, but that his liberal sympathies and ideas were matters of conviction with him long before there was any possibilyity of the Presidency.

Mr. Davis can establish his liberalism in several ways. Liberals read liberal literature, express themselves in liberal terms and consort with liberal thinkers. It would be extremely interesting if Mr. Davis were to indicate the books and periodicals which over a period of years he has been reading with sympathy and general approbation; and further if he would name the contemporary thinkers and statesmen in Europe whose general approach towards social and political problems seems to him sound and fruitful, a liberal attitude of mind could be at once proved by the judgments and preferences which would thus be disclosed.

It has been objected to Mr. Davis that he is the director of certain large financial and industrial corporations distinguished for their conservative attitude in political and economic questions; but Mr. Davis can turn the tables upon his accusers if he can show that as director in these vast financial and industrial combinations he has been a militant critic of conservative administration and a militant proponent of modern social and industrial ideas. Suppose one could name a man, who, as a director in many large corporations, consistently urged an increasingly liberal policy towards labor and towards the general public. In the case in point the corporation connection would be the most conclusive proof of liberalism that could be adduced. If Mr. Davis as a director in any of these corporations has been fighting for the introduction and extension of modern ideas in industrial organization and management, the fact can easily be proved and if proved will establish his liberalism beyond peradventure.

Let us therefore take Mr. Davis at his word and be honest. If he asks our votes because he favors a low tariff and the League of Nations, let him say so, and let us vote for him or not on those issues, as we please. If he asks us for our votes as a protest against conditions that obtained in administration and legislation during the Harding-Coolidge régime, let him say that, and let us vote for him or not, as we please. If he asks us to vote for him on the ground that he is a man of liberal convictions in social and economic matters, let him not rely upon belated post-nomination utterances, but let him prove it by giving us evidence of his sympathies and interests prior to his nomination; and by a frank account of his bearing as a director in large corporations, for the policies of which he is as director responsible not only to stockholders, but to the general and now to the voting public.

HERBERT WILLIAMS.

New York, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Intelligent Night Watchman

SIR: Some readers must have been struck by an Associated Press despatch, in the papers of September 23, stating that a "watchman in one of the numerous Paris normal schools" won the Filene peace prize of 100,000 francs.

With due credit to day or night watchmen it seemed incredible that they should be so well versed in international law and politics as to win a peace prize over 15,000 competitors.

It turns out that the laureate is a well known geographer who bears the title of "surveillant général" (supervisor of studies) in the Ecole Normale Supérieure of Paris, a special graduate school for university professors as well known in France as Harvard is here and much more highly considered.

Now a write-up man in New York or Des Moines, Ia. may be excused for not knowing what the Ecole Normale Supérieure of Paris is and to confuse a member of its administrative staff with a watchman. But what are we to think of the correspondents of the A. P. in Paris who make such blunders? And what of the A. P. that recruits its purveyors of news among people totally ignorant of the country on which they are supposed to be specialists?

INQUIRER.

Ithaca, N. Y.

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The Labor Amendment

SIR: Permit me to suggest for the benefit of your readers that the Labor Amendment to the Constitution to be voted upon by the state legislatures (nearly all) meeting next January, is the most important political matter before the people of the respective states at this election. It was proposed by the last congress by a large two-thirds majority.

It is: "Congress shall have power to restrain, regulate and prohibit the labor (employment) of persons under 18 years of age." "Employment" is no part of it.

This is not of course a "child labor" amendment at all. It is rather a power to destroy personal and civil liberty.

The change was made by some one in the Committee changing "employment" in parentheses to "labor." In it Congress has no power over employment but follows labor on the farm and into the house and wherever it may be. Substituting "persons" for "children" and raising 15 to 18 of course takes it out of the child class.

A true child labor amendment, conforming to the plan of all other amendments would be like this: "The employment of children under 16 years of age in manufactories and other industrial or commercial establishments for more than six hours a day is hereby prohibited."

To find in what sense labor instead of work is used, for the context does not limit it, we must find the meaning in the dictionary which is "human effort bodily or mental, except for pleasure; and pains in child birth." Now who will vouch for the fact that this would not give Congress the power to regulate the studies, educational and religious, of "persons under 18 years of age"?

What is the significance of this amendment, that the propagandists claim it is to reach a child labor evil in factories in this country citing statistics showing 1,00,858 children under 16 years of age "engaged in gainful occupations"? But only 192,528 of these are in manufacturing industries and mining, and 647,309 of them, nearly two-thirds, are on the farm. The rest are in transportation, trade, domestic and personal service and clerical occupations. But there is nothing to show how many of these are employed under the harmful conditions of a child labor evil. Will the New Republic tell us what interests submitted labor for employment? And who conceived the idea of putting "Congress shall have power" into an amendment, not before done except in form?

S. R. CHILD.

Minneapolis, Minn.

The American Legion and the War Spirit

SIR: I am one of the members of the American Legion who wishes to assure the readers of the New Republic that the personnel of said organization is not made up altogether of men seemingly intent on keeping alive the old war spirit and all the hates and prejudices engendered by the past conflict. On the surface it would probably seem to the readers of this paper that the American Legion has degenerated into an organization of the so-called "Professional Patriots," judging from the tone of some of the resolutions passed, aiming at all other organizations which have sponsored movements directed in the interests of world peace. All persons who have the audacity to sign petitions which smack of peace in any form whatsoever are also well taken care of in said resolutions in no vague and uncertain terms. Another favorite form that these resolutions take is the one aimed at all "reds, radicals, pinks and like ilk who menace our country and its "free" institutions.

It occurs to me that if there is any one group of individuals today which should be vitally interested in the promotion of a better understanding among all nations and the outlawry of future war, it is that group which in the days of '17 and '18 went through hell to make the world "safe for democracy" and came back disillusioned. To me it is inconceivable that these same men could so soon forget the dark and troubled hysteria of the past and willingly align themselves with the forces which by their Preparedness Day ardor, their Defense Day "patriotism" and their red, communistic, socialistic smoke screen are so eager and intent on keeping the old war system intact. These same forces persist in feeding the people on the inevitableness of war and the consequent necessity for preparation therefore. How long will the great mass of our intelligent people continue to accept unreservedly this pernicious and damnable doctrine?

The above is written from the heart of one who has watched with pardonable pride some of the worthy projects fostered by the American Legion such as the rehabilitation of the disabled veterans and the establishment of orphans homes throughout the country and coming as it does from the heart what has been said could not have been said differently.

It is my fondest hope that the American Legion will in the future more aggressively and intelligently array itself on the side of humanity as expressed in the ideals of service to society and the promotion of world peace. When the Legion has thus unflinchingly set its face in this direction and has demonstrated once and for all time that it will not allow its soul to be bartered, then and only then will it be fully entitled to its place among those institutions which have been dedicated to the furtherance of a better and more mutual understanding among the peoples of the earth. And as such will it be able to stand the acid test of the passage of time.

ELLSWORTH CUMMINGS.

Atchison, Kansas.

A Debate on La Follette vs. Davis

SIR: Those of your readers who live in or near New York will be interested to learn of a debate Sunday afternoon, October 12, at Madison Square Garden, between Morris Hillquit and Samuel Untermyer. Its theme will be, "Resolved, that viewing the concrete circumstances of the pending election, the cause of sound progressive government will be best promoted by voting for La Follette rather than Davis." Mr. Hillquit will speak for La Follette, Mr. Untermyer for Davis.

The National Labor Forum, under whose auspices the debate will be held, has sought for a Republican of the calibre of these two speakers to uphold the Coolidge candidacy, but has been unable to find one.

HENRY FRUCHTER,
Secretary, National Labor Forum.

New York, N. Y.

Socialistic Dogmatism

SIR: Dr. Oscar Jaszi, writing in the September 10 issue of the New Republic, complains with good reason of the lack of "social and political thinking" which may pave the way to liberation from the stagnation of radical thought in America. It is quite true that Socialists have been guilty of falling into the stenchpots of dogmatism while engaged in combating the dogmas of other creeds. I believe, however, that Socialists have quite unconsciously taken a step which must ultimately open their eyes to the futility of their pet Marxian theories, the step to which I refer being the endorsement of Robert M. La Follette's candidacy. To fall back after the election on party autonomy as a means of furthering the aims of Mr. La Follette is likely to prove impossible short of splitting the Socialist party rather badly. If the Socialists are to continue the program of welding the many and varied groups of forward looking citizens into a powerful single political unit, then the Socialists will find that they also must submit to the welding process. Submission presages abandonment of their dogmas, and they must submit or accept the alternative of losing members to the Communist party.

Loyalty to Marx in an uncritical fashion has fostered conceptions of history, economics, ethics and philosophy which border on the platitudinous. The finest and most complete recognition which can be accorded to Marx would be to admit his fallibility while crediting him with the stimulus which he gave to liberal and radical thought.

R. C. FISHER.

Professor Bacon Dissents

SIR: A pseudonymous correspondent of yours has written you a tissue of falsehoods concerning conditions past and present at the University of California. This document you have had the indiscretion to print. I am no longer connected with the institution which your correspondent attacks, but the fact that I am one of those lied about makes it proper for me to enter my objection.

Your correspondent makes only one statement with which I can for an instant agree. He says that I am a brilliant and honorable man. For my own sake I regret that he is obviously no judge of these matters and that one cannot say as much for him.

LEONARD BACON.

Berkeley, Calif.

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"Bitter Bierce"

In the Midst of Life, by Ambrose Bierce. New York: A. and C. Boni. $2.00.

"YOU may wander for years," said Arnold Bennett, speaking of underground reputations, "and never meet anybody who has heard of Ambrose Bierce; and then you may hear some erudite student whisper in an awed voice: 'Ambrose Bierce is the greatest living prose writer.'" Bierce himself was well aware of this, and I think his own lines on the subject are nearer the truth:

> My, how my fame rings out in every zone—
> A thousand critics shouting, He's Unknown.

The critics shouted—a few are still shouting—but did anybody else? He never was popular, and doubtless he never will be. There will always be some to think him our greatest prose writer, and others, like Franklin K. Lane, to dismiss him as "a hideous monster, so like the mixture of dragon, lizerd, bat and snake as to be unnameable," but the vast majority will continue, as now, never to have read a line of him, not even to know his name.

This is not sheer inability on the part of the populace to recognize a genius. There must be something more. Bierce was apparently a most attractive personality, who could make friends incapable of forgetting or not loving that unfathomable, deep-lined face, that great head, sensitive but invulnerable, lined and deepened into a native nobility like some king of the peasants. He could write to these friends, and to strangers as well, diffident, considerate, and charming letters, in which was combined gentleness of feeling with a square-cut simplicity of language, but whatever else he wrote, no matter how powerful, how striking, how carved from deep and simple quarries of speech, was somehow profoundly unattractive. It was tainted, subtly poisoned by the ever present idea of death, a phenomenon which repelled him and drew him to itself with fascinated horror. He never accepted death as a mere terminal; death was not only an end, but an end in itself, a thing never solved, never absent, a mouthful of life from which no amount of chewing could ever expel its sweet and bitter taste.

There seems to have been no gaiety in Bierce. He had wit, a savage macabre humor which made him feared and famous in the early newspaper days on the coast. In the columns of little California sheets he flayed weekly, in heavily venomous and brilliant verses, the local criminals and politicians. His favorite method was to imagine his victim in hell, and turn him over and over upon red-hot couplets—

> Baruch and Waterman upon their grills
> In Hades lay . . .

The roasting was often wickedly neat and malicious, but how the black and red threads, fire and death, persisted, until one turned away from this sadism in horror. These fiendish little poems were signed by aliases characteristic of his fancy, gnarled, acid, spider-like names, painfully the result of imagination: Arbely C. Strunk, Jamrock Holobom, Apuleius M. Gokul, Pobeter Dunk, Gassalasca Jape.

These satirical stingers are lively reading even now, when all the Californians upon whom they were impaled are quite forgotten. For Bierce was a very gifted man, and imparted heat to everything he wrote. The best example of his gift for caustic, cynical epigram is the Devil's Dictionary, a collection of tacks on the seat of the world's chair from which the following are good but not unexcelled examples:

> AGITATOR—A statesman who shakes the fruit-trees of his neighbors—to dislodge the worms.
>
> CONSERVATIVE—A statesman who is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others.
>
> APPLAUSE—The echo of a platitude.

But Bierce's claim to fame rests chiefly upon his stories of war. He fought in the Civil War himself, and knew what he was talking about. In fact, he knew a little too well what he was talking about. Horror and death start from these pages and stifle us as if from the note-book of an eyewitness whose purpose in taking down the last details of the scenes about him was eventually to horrify a reader. Realism? No, curiously enough; these stories of war, though they seize attention as in a trap, are utterly unreal when we think of Tolstoy's Sebastopol. Much of Bierce's detail is poignantly lifelike, but he rolled and twisted these details up into a creature of his own death-ridden, fate-tortured imagination. The cruelty and irony of the war seem to have warped his sense of the real; nothing happens casually, spontaneously, irrelevantly; all is subordinate to that final twist or trick in which we discover that the soldier shot his own father as part of his duty, that Peyton Farquhar was being hanged all the time, that the child's own home was destroyed, that the dead sniper was found by his own brother. Under his unrelaxed grip the story moves tensely, unnaturally to an end predetermined with irony, bitterness and clenched teeth. This craftsman's inexorable chisel cuts dead true to pattern, so that no living tree seems to have been the father of this rigid piece of wood. Once in a while the tight grip loosens a little, and we have that noble, solid, almost poetic last ride on the white horse into the enemy's lines.

Bierce's stories belong to a species which, thanks to the influence of Chekhov, Katherine Mansfield and many others, who adapt life rather than twist it to their creative ends, is far less popular than it was. It is the kind of story which, from the very beginning, is built up and hammered together for the sake of the final twist, the dramatic or melodramatic dénouement which in Bierce's case was often as violent as the kick of a mule in the reader's face. Once or twice, as in the story of Peyton Farquhar's hanging, this final trick is handed with superb skill and suspense, but in story after story such decapitation of the reader's attention on the last page becomes tiresome. This is very discouraging in view of Bierce's accurate eye and skilful hand in the piling up of natural detail toward his unnatural and artificial end. After many pages in which we hear real bits of life and catch glimpses of real people, the closet door opens with a crash and out upon the floor falls a rattling skeleton. We are jarred, but we somehow suspected this would happen, for though the skeleton is concealed until the end, Bierce had it so much in mind, and was saving it up so eagerly that he could not keep it from rattling faintly from the beginning of the story. It was his obsession, this constant sense of death, it was his honey and his poison, and it was one of the sardonic, self-destructive twists in the mind of a man who was extraordinarily gifted, and who might, one feels, have been great.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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Poincaré, Avenger of France

Les Preuves. Le Crime de Droit Commun; Le Crime Diplomatique, by Mathias Morhardt. Paris: Librar. du Travail. 10 francs.

Poincaré; A Biographical Portrait, by Sisley Huddleston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THE document which M. Dutasta, the secretary-general of the Paris Peace Conference, presented to the Dutch Government in 1919 demanded the extradition of William II and of numerous German officials, both military and civil. The list of charges cited against them was interminably long, but in the whole paper there was not a word accusing either the former Kaiser or his ministers of being responsible for the War!

It seems to M. Morhardt very significant that the Allies, who forced the German government to accept this responsibility along with the Peace Treaty, did not dare include it in the catalogue of offences for which extradition was demanded from a neutral government. Indeed, for M. Morhardt there can be no doubt that neither William II and his ministers, nor even Nicholas II and his counsellors, were ultimately responsible for the outbreak of the sanguinary struggle. For him it is an indisputable fact that the real culprit was no other than M. Raymond Poincaré.

The accusation is not new. It has been formulated before by M. Gouttenoire de Toury in his celebrated book: Poincaré, a-t-il voulu la guerre? M. Morhardt has come to this conclusion after a long and painstaking study of the voluminous sources, the results of which he has summarized in this, the latest French work on the outbreak of the War. In view of the fact that the French government has published almost no documentary evidence beyond the very garbled French Yellow Book, and because of the fact that French policy in 1914 is still a very obscure subject, this contribution, coming from a Frenchman, is necessarily of great importance.

A summary of the whole of M. Morhardt's argument would be well worth-while, but in view of space restrictions it is hardly possible to discuss here more than the part dealing with Poincaré's rôle. After a very detailed examination of the story of the assassination at Serajevo the author comes to the conclusion that it was hardly more than an execrable murder for which the Serbian government was at least morally profoundly responsible. He points out that every leading European government—with the sole exception of the French,—joined in condemning the act and in admitting that the Austro-Hungarian government was entitled to inflict a "well-deserved chastisement" on Serbia. The silence of the French government seems strange—almost as unusual as the attitude of the Serbian government, which, contrary to all international usage, made no move to pursue the conspirators or even to institute an investigation. Furthermore, it seems most extraordinary that Poincaré should have absented himself from France for a long period at such a critical time. Why did Poincaré insist on going to Russia and taking Viviani along? Was it to exert a moderating influence on the sensitive Russians? By no means. According to M. Morhardt it was to encourage the Russian government and to egg it on to military intervention in behalf of Serbia. This is a very serious charge, and if it could be proved that Poincaré at St. Petersburg concocted a plot against the peace of the world the argument could be closed. To be sure, there is a certain amount of incriminatory evidence, all of which M. Morhardt adduces. He quotes from Paléologue the threatening remarks made by Poincaré to the Austrian ambassador and his instructions on leaving: "Sazonov must be firm and we must support him." He also cites the instructions sent to the Rusian ambassador at Vienna on July 22 and to the French ambassador on July 24, the upshot of which is that Russia and France will not allow Austria to humiliate Serbia. He believes that similar instructions were sent to Vienna by the English government. Of course the significance of the evidence lies in the fact that this all happened before the Austrian note to Serbia was known. It looks as though the three Entente Powers, or at least two of them, had agreed to oppose the Austrian claims on Serbia even before it was known what the claims advanced really were. If this is so, then naturally nothing could have stopped the War. But M. Morhardt undertakes to present further evidence of collusion. Why? he asks, did Sir Edward Grey make a proposal of mediation which was patently inacceptable to Austria, while on the other hand he did very little to push the sane Italian suggestion which aimed at saving the faces of all concerned? How, above all, did it come that the Serbian government was so cocksure of itself that it not only rejected or evaded every one of the Austrian demands, but that three hours before handing in the reply it mobilized 400,000 men against Austria? More cogent even than this evidence are the results of the author's examination of French policy towards Russia after Poincaré's departure from St. Petersburg. He shows that as early as July 28, even before Poincaré had reached home, Paléologue unreservedly promised Russia the support of France as provided for in the military convention, and that this offer was repeated. He recalls that the conciliatory conversations between Schoen and Bienvenu-Martin in Paris were distorted into German menaces and published in the French Press, through the agency of Poincaré's henchman, Berthelot. All this was at a time when Germany was beginning to call her ally to order in no uncertain terms. France, on her part, made no move to deter the Russian government from taking military measures. As a matter of fact Sazonov, on July 30, while urging the Tsar to order general mobilization, argues that failure to do so will "disconcert" Russia's allies. With this fatal step taken the War was inevitable, for mobilization meant war, in the understanding of Generals Obruchev and Boisdeffre, who concluded the Franco-Russian military agreement of 1893-1894, and also in the opinion of Alexander III, Nicholas II, William II, George V, Poincare, Dobrorolski, Paléologue, Viviani, Grey and Lloyd George, all of whom the author quotes.

It was Russia that precipitated the War, but it was an unprepared and hesitant Russia, spurred on by the French government, of which the master mind was M. Poincaré. But it must not be supposed that M. Morhardt regards Poincaré as a common criminal. Not at all. For him the French statesman is a historical figure of the first magnitude, "cast in an iron mould," a man of great vision and unbending determination moved, like Napoleon I, by a sort of "Oriental fatalism." His place is with the small group of men who have exercised a decisive influence on the world. Even the attainments of the great

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Corsican dim by comparison with his. "No one before him ever compelled the world with a more merciless energy" (p. 302). A Lorrainer by birth, Poincaré himself has confessed that even as a schoolboy his thoughts were darkened by the great defeat. "When I descended from my metaphysical clouds," he continues, "I could not see for my generation any reason for existing unless it were for the hope of recovering our lost provinces." On becoming premier in 1912 he set to work with unswerving energy to prepare for war with Germany—the war that must come and in which success must be assured beforehand. The great opportunity came in 1914, and Poincaré seized it, logically and dispassionately. A mere indication from him and Russia would have held back. The word was not spoken. Instead, the parole was: "Sazonov must be firm and we must support him,"

M. Morhardt is open-minded enough to see the grandeur of this conception. It was not a policy with which he could agree—indeed, he severely condemns it. But it was at least a policy, clean-cut and clearly thought out. What the author cannot understand is why, now that the War has been won, Poincaré should seek to hide his light under a bushel. Why should the French Yellow Book have been garbled, why does the French government even now scrupulously avoid publishing any of its documents, and above all, why should Germany now be burdened with the sole responsibility for what Poincaré ought logically to claim as his life work? Bismarck, after 1870, defied historical truth and claimed sole credit for precipitating the war that ended with the unification of Germany. Poincaré, who faced the greatest decisions with uncanny determination, now seeks to evade credit for the war which recovered Alsace and Lorraine for France.

After asking the question M. Morhardt suggests the reply. Evidently Poincaré believed that the situation was so well prepared that the conflict would be over in a short time, that the lost provinces could be reconquered at a reasonable cost in men and money. But the war was incredibly prolonged, it cost France two million men and five hundred billion francs. The enemy proved stronger and more tenacious than anyone had expected, while the Allies by 1917 were on the verge of collapse. Humanity was outraged by the bloodshed and the cost of the victory was inordinately high. Very likely M. Poincaré would not, if he avowed his policy, meet with the approval, even of Frenchmen. Still M. Morhardt feels that, in justice to himself, Poincaré should make a clean breast of it and not make scapegoats of an innocent people.

From Mr. Huddleston's book one can easily gain the same impression of the man. Of course the two books are of entirely different types. Mr. Huddleston attempts to make the "Enigma" comprehensible to the lay reader, and he has made a good job of a difficult task. He would not at all subscribe to all that M. Morhardt says. For him Poincaré stood "not for imperialism, not for aggression, but for legitimate defence" (p. 53). But, without disparagement, it may be said that Mr. Huddleston evidently knows a great deal more about what has happened since 1914 than about what occurred before. His survey of Poincaré's activities and policies in later years is fascinating, unbiassed and sane. In reality it supplements M. Morhardt's picture in every essential. For Huddleston, too, Poincaré is a man of iron, possessed with one idea, living for it rather than for himself. In the critical days of 1917 he does not hesitate to call Clemenceau and others of his enemies to the helm in order to secure the victory. To be sure, they crowd him out and after winning the War they conclude a peace which to him seems too moderate. He protests and bides his time, and then, when the others have proved the inadequacy of their policy, he takes up the work in the old spirit, fighting day and night, defying the Allies of the past, defying the whole world by the occupation of the Ruhr, which Huddleston admits was illegal.

Poincaré has sustained his second defeat. His countrymen have repudiated his policy and the world is aghast at the spectacle of his successor negotiating in a conciliatory way with the arch-enemy, nay, discussing disarmament in an ostensibly serious and sincere spirit. Perhaps the world is changing, perhaps Poincaré will never again control the destinies of France. Be that as it may, the world is sure to appreciate ever more and more that his is one of the most extraordinary and dominating personalities of modern history.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Cobb of The World

Cobb of The World: a Leader in Liberalism. Compiled from His Editorial Articles and Public Addresses by John L. Heaton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $3.50.

FRANK COBB was editor of the New York World for twenty years. In that time he wrote and published at a minimum three million words (twice that much is not an uncommon output for an editorial writer, but this one was exceptionally laconic). The average man in Cobb's shoes would have thought himself lucky if ten thousand of his three million should prove worthy of a glance more than twenty-four hours after being scribbled down and tossed to the presses. But Cobb was not the average editorial writer. His associate, John L. Heaton, who has gathered, mainly from the files of The World, the contents of this volume, has found a hundred thousand words nearly all of which are worth reading even though many of them deal with subjects which today are floating, weed-enclustered, on that Sargasso Sea where the "vital issues" of a few years ago display their futile unimportance. No doubt there are several hundred thousand other words almost or quite as well deserving to reappear between boards, for Cobb's worst work was only a little below his best—which was so good that, as everyone knows, Colonel Watterson called him "the strongest writer of the New York press since Horace Greeley."

The comparative statement we may pass over to approve the appellation. Cobb was a great writer; he was not, I think, a great editor in the sense that Colonel Nelson or Victor Lawson or the second Samuel Bowles was great. Cobb performed his executive duties admirably; but the personality which during most of his tenure of office lay behind the New York World and made it what it was, as Bowles made the Springfield Republican, or Nelson the Kansas City Star, was Joseph Pulitzer's. It was one of those happy accidents which fate sometimes vouchsafes, that an editorial chair of such importance, and blessed with freedom, should have found as its occu-

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pant a man of such exceptional integrity, clarity and vigor as Cobb.

Editorial writers are a queer breed. They earn their living by expressing in print a larger number of moral judgments per annum than would come naturally to anybody; and almost never do they have tangible proof that this expression has resulted in forwarding the causes they have praised, or hindering those they have denounced. Cut off as a rule by their exigent occupation from having personal contacts with many minds of various opinions, they are nevertheless forced to pretend to a good deal of knowledge not only of what "the man in the street" ought to think, but of what he actually is thinking. Like school teachers, they are hardly ever answered back—except by a handful of letter-writing cranks and near cranks who don't count. Under such conditions, pompousness is the easiest, most subtle of faults.

Frank Cobb nver succumbed to it. This book confirms a fact which was plain to all who knew him: that the robustness of his mind kept all his mental processes vigorous and healthy. With him liberalism did not consist in adherence to a specified list of advanced "causes." He was, it is well known, an unfailing partisan of states' rights, a foe of federalization whether under Democratic or Republican auspices. He fought the progressive movement of 1912 because he feared a bureaucracy would be set up at Washington which would come under the dominance of organized capital. He was opposed to prohibition; and also, of course, to all sorts of censorship, to any infringement of free speech and free press. His was in general a rather "old-fashioned" liberalism. In England it would have been called Victorian, and it was, in fact, much more ancient, for it was rooted in an intimate knowledge of American history and in particular of the great conflict of ideas whose protagonists were Hamilton and Jefferson. His lifelong devotion to the cause of the common man was no mere surface sympathy. Few journalists of our time can have been his equal in intimate and well pigeon-holed knowledge of history.

This knowledge he constantly employed and it was a great source of strength. A writer who can make effective use of exalted emotion is always likely to be underrated as to his power to impart information; and this was true of Frank Cobb. The amount of factual information in his brief daily editorials was extraordinary; patient days of labor must often have lain behind a few brief sentences. Those who admire The World today for the large amount of important factual material which is found on its editorial page—matter of a sort which can hardly appear legitimately in the news columns and yet is often of great importance—may not realize that this admirable policy represents the continuance of a tradition long ago and firmly established by the late editor.

Frank Cobb, as these collected pieces show, had the faults which go with his virtues. A man who fights as fiercely as he did almost inevitably fights on a somewhat narrow front. While he by no means confined himself to politics and the economic questions which get into politics he was at his best there; the articles on the arts, and on social phenomena in general, while marked by good craftsmanship and always showing his incisive, simple, drum-beat English style, are not noteworthy. His finest work was done in the heat of political battle, or when he stepped back a few paces and surveyed the changes in existing institutions which are brought about by changing years. A good example of his direct attack is found in an article in 1914 dealing with J. P. Morgan (the elder) and the looting of the New Haven railroad:

> If J. P. Morgan and his associates had gone into the offices of the New Haven and blown open the safe and stuffed these millions into their pockets, they would have been guilty of burglary. But what a burglar might have done personally and defiantly they accomplished by stealth and cunning. In the long run, the New Haven would have been better off if they had stolen this money outright from its safe, for then it would not have been saddled with the continuing burden of the Westchester, which is a steady drain upon its resources. Thousands of men are in jail for offenses against society which are picayunish in comparison with this stupendous achievement in respectable robbery.

His clarity of vision in surveying the American scene is well displayed in an article on "the death" of the Democratic party in 1918:

> Today there are no fundamental differences of principle between Democrats and Republicans. The two parties are interchangeable so far as any vital profession of faith is concerned. Republicans claim to be better business men than Democrats, and hence quicker and slicker in grabbing a dollar; Democrats claim to be more honest and simple-minded than Republicans. . . It is not of such stuff that great parties are formed or great issues are vitalized.

Of Cobb's work during the European war it is kindest to say what is true of so many other writers and public men, that his judgment was far saner during 1914-1917 than it was after we entered the struggle. "A durable peace" he wrote in January, 1917, following Wilson's famous address on peace terms to the Senate, "must be a peace of justice and humanity, not merely a peace of the sword." A wise principle; and it is the great tragedy of this generation that we were unable to remember it after the heat of battle had seared away our commonsense as well as our justice and humanity.

Most editorial writers who regard their occupation as more than a mere form of livelihood suffer somewhat from a sense of futility, of perpetually shadow boxing, never fighting in the ring. It is hard to believe that Frank Cobb ever had it; and there was certainly better reason than usual why he should not. While everyone in the country was noting "the decline of the editorial page" The World's did not decline. It has wielded an extraordinary power, partly the result for twenty years of Cobb's ability, partly because of the known and evident freedom to tell the truth as they see it which World writers have always enjoyed. To an extraordinary degree it has influenced the opinions of other newspapers—in late years, particularly in the South. In fact, Cobb's two decades on The World demonstrated over again that a man with a strong enough personality can always defy all existing rules, and make up new ones for himself as he goes along.

This is not to say that the vanishing prestige of the editorial is not a serious matter. The decrease in influence which began twenty-five years ago when the popular magazine first sprang into power, has continued to this day, though the magazines too have been declining in

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authority for a decade—ever since most of them discovered the huge profit to be derived from dropping the muckrake and going in for enormous circulations acquired at whatever compromise with vulgarity and inanity. The newspaper may come back; in addition to the big blanket sheets of enormous circulation we may develop little papers, intelligently written, to be read by those who agree with the editor's views and welcome the novelty of someone's speaking out fiercely. Until we do, however, the editorial writer who wants to have a life with genuine spiritual satisfactions in it comparable to those of the average professional man in other occupations, must follow one formula: find a publisher as good as Joseph Pultizer to back you and yourself be as good as Frank Cobb.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Pro Bono Nordico

The New Decalogue of Science, by Albert Edward Wiggam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Company. $3.00.

DURING these years of Fundamentalism that have followed in the wake of the War biological science has suffered attack from the most ignorant and most naïvely obscurantist elements in our civilization. Bills have been introduced into legislatures with a view to forbidding the universities from harboring fundamental and indispensible biological principles, and great political personages have gone up and down the land throwing the full weight of their influence and oratory against that which all enlightened people, throughout the world, regard as firmly established scientific law. In this issue intellectuals everywhere have rallied to the support of science. The inviolability of the truth has never been asserted more generally nor more energetically. Never has the contrast between demonstration and superstition been more sharply etched.

And yet, incredible as it seems in retrospect, during precisely the same period the exponents of precisely the same science have lent themselves to another reaction of the War's wake, have allowed the distinction of fact and fancy to melt away under their instruments and have issued from their very laboratories pronunciamentos that would have graced the pen of a mediaeval pope. The War effected a tremendous heightening of national feeling throughout the world. Everywhere national groups and class groups have girded themselves for a bitter struggle for their own peculiar rights and sovereignties. In the United States the universal tension took the form of an intensification of racial sentiment. Its most blatant expression has been, of course, the Klan. But there have been others. In particular, there has been called forth a considerable literature of racial propaganda. The dominant class in the American economy, the original settlers and immigrants who are now, through their descendants, dispersed over the entire country in a position of economic and therefore cultural ascendency, has been wreathed about with an elaborate mythology: the Nordic faith. The constituent elements of this mythology are none of them original; the metaphysical instincts that rule human behavior, the psychological tests that indicate inborn capacity, the ethnic features of the dolicho-cephalic blond of the North, and the Mendelian theory of heredity have a long if not in all cases a particularly distinguished history. But only in these later years have all come together and fused into the Great Nordic Myth.

For this myth the biologists are peculiarly responsible. The instincts and the tests have been contributed from psychology; but in the field of psychology itself they have been very largely discredited as generalizations capable of political application. The same is not true, however, of the biological misappropriations of the Nordic propaganda. As a matter of strict scientific demonstration no case of supposed inheritance can be considered proved until the Mendelian unit character involved has been isolated and traced, through successive hybridizations, in the established ratios. No such characters, of any degree of importance, have been isolated in the human species. Every biologist, every freshman, knows this to be true. And since it is true, no human trait of any great social significance, not "intelligence" nor any other, can be put forward truthfully as an inherited character. The whole Nordic propaganda (and it has become the official lore of Rotarians and Klansmen throughout the country) turns upon this point. If the biologists stand for evolution because it is the truth nothing could be clearer than their duty to denounce Nordicism as a hodge-podge of quasi-scientific conjecture—as many psychologists have hastened to denounce the misuse of the tests. They have not done so.

On the contrary, biologists of the highest distinction have gone out of their way to extend the authentication of their scientific reputations to the most barefaced nonsense. Geneologies, the case records of charitable institutions, a sort of Almanac de Gotha of European royalty are solemnly accepted as irrefragible evidence of the inheritance of characters which nobody has taken the trouble to define. And when these "brilliant demonstrations" are assembled second-hand in the text-books of the cult, Olympian scientists compete with each other in laudatory superlatives.

The New Decalogue of Science is such an assemblage. As such it is noteworthy only for its extraordinary form and style. Its chief distinction is its jacket. The fact is that the Decalogue appeared originally, in much briefer form, in the Century Magazine, the editor of which, Mr. Glenn Frank, rather extended himself to obtain the opinions of various scientists, subsequently publishing a number of creamy eulogies and one annihilating rebuke from Bernard Shaw in the pages of later issues of the magazine. In the magazine and on the jacket of the book Mr. Frank vouches for the author as a scientist of parts. In the same places such men as G. Stanley Hall, Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins, E. G. Conklin of Princeton, E. M. East of Harvard, and Leonard Darwin go the absolute limit of approval of Mr. Wiggam, his methods and his pluperfect scientific accuracy. "Its biology," says Pearl, "is absolutely sound so far as we know at present."

This paragon of biological excellence is a harangue addressed to His Excellency, the Statesman. The assumption is throughout that the Statesman is a complete ass to whom anything may be said with impunity. The first sentence tells the whole story. "Sir," says the spokesman of the new biology, "biology, as Your Excellency I fear is only vaguely aware, is the science of life." A very good primary school definition. The technique by which the education of the statesman is accordingly undertaken

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is the most brazen brow-beating. The Kaiser, with his feeble Gott mit uns, was a piker by comparison. "It is the surest deduction from science itself that science only can supply mankind with the true technology of the will of God." That is that. Science can also pull God's whiskers. The army mental tests show that the nation is feeble-minded, and "since you consider the voice of these thousands to be the voice of God, it calls into serious question the mental alertness of the latter." Both remarks are inconsequential, however. The concluding dogma of the volume is a complete, rigid, orthodox materialism such as would gladden the heart of Marx and Lenin, while Christian doctrine figures only as the new biology. "Had Jesus been among us he would have been president of the First Eugenics Congress."

The most succulent passages of the modern decalogue, however, are the references to the real gods of the modern age. Thorndike, "one of the wisest of living men and a leader in his field"; Pearl, "our highest American authority"; Woods "in a noble research"; Giddings "in the most brilliant survey . . . of the generation," etc., etc., etc. Leading them all is the New Statesman, Mr. Glenn Frank. No man has seen the difficulties and possibilities of science and all its implications so clearly as Mr. Frank, "a man who is rising among the younger men of this generation as the new type of scientific statesman."

The argument of the new political biology was summarized by Shaw in the letter solicited for the Century Magazine. "You begin by taking the extreme 'neo-Darwinist' position, demanding a return to barbarism and a whole-hearted reliance on *natural* selection. You then declare that eugenics and artificial selection is the first duty of government." The book contains further material, of course, more or less relevant to the central idea; the materialism mentioned above; internationalism—which must be postulated, since upon the Nordic premises the only alternative to "eugenics" is a shambles; and a condescending word for art which may do much for the new intellectual life if artists can be educated to scientific accuracy. "Shakespeare often gives us a wrong cosmology and psychology. The critic unschooled in science assures us his poetry does not suffer. But the scientist knows his poetry does suffer because anything suffers that isn't true."

So it would seem. If Mr. Wiggam's biology is absolutely sound, what can we say for biology to Mr. Bryan?

C. E. Ayres.

The Capital of Israel

Harvard Excavations at Samaria, 1908-1910, by George Andrew Reisner, Clarence Stanley Fisher, and David Gordon Lyon. Vol. I, Text; Vol. II, Plans and Plates. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $40.00.

In spite of the remarkable treasure trove recently unearthed in the Valley of the Kings, some archaeologists to-day look forward with confidence to more startling discoveries in Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine than any likely to be made on the banks of the Nile. However that may be, there is no doubt that, if systematic excavations could be carried on in those parts of the Near East that have been less zealously exploited than Egypt and Iraq, our knowledge of the past would be vastly increased. The results already obtained warrant high expectations. It is only necessary to recall the important finds at Troy and Boghaz-kieui, Zenjirli and Carchemish, Byblos and Bethshean, Taanach, Megiddo and Samaria, Gezer, Jericho and Jerusalem. Who could have dreamed that Byblos existed in the time of the first Egyptian dynasty, that Jerusalem is as old as Memphis, and that a flourishing city stood at the southern end of the Dead Sea when Thebes was young? What secrets are held within the artificial mounds strewn all over these regions, still untouched by the excavator's spade, covering the debris of known or long forgotten cities? Even where the downward road does not lead to very early ages, it may help to reveal the life of later periods. Samaria is a case is point.

Thanks to the fortunate survival of some very significant literary documents, the little kingdom of Israel, which flourished between c. 953 and 723 B. C., has been relatively well known. We have, in the Books of Kings, a complete list of its rulers, with their regnal years. Half a dozen of them are mentioned in cuneiform texts; Mesha, of Moab, refers to two by name. The Assyrian chronology allows us to fix approximately their dates. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, Omri, the builder of Samaria, Ahab and Jezebel, and Jehu, her murderer, are familiar figures. Through the mist of legend Elijah and Elisha can be dimly seen. There are accounts of wars with Judah, Moab, Damascus and Assyria. The denunciations of Amos, Hosea, Micah ben Imlah, and Isaiah give us precious glimpses of the social life. If the picture seems too lurid, it must not be forgotten that any society, viewed in the fierce light of ethical demands, is apt to assume the same dark colors, that the idealist is often unconsciously disposed to leave the good interred with the bones, and that the prophetic recoil must itself be considered in the final estimate. A critical study of the records has helped to correct the perspective. Much assistance has also come from the careful exploration of the land. The physical environment has largely remained the same. But other legitimate interests can only be satisfied by excavation. We would like to know, if possible, how this ancient people looked and how they lived; what their homes were like, and their palaces and temples, their streets and squares, their walls and gates and towers; what they produced and used and bought and sold, their arts and handicrafts, tools and weapons, furniture and utensils, idols, amulets, and playthings; how they dressed, and primped, and amused themselves; what they wrote, and read, and talked about.

The opportunity for undertaking excavations at Samaria came to Harvard University through the generosity of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff; the license was secured by Hamdy Bey. Between 1908 and 1910 the work was carried on. It was begun by Dr. Gottlieb Schumacher and continued by Professor George A. Reisner, a distinguished Egyptologist, and Mr. Clarence S. Fisher, an eminent architect and skillful excavator. The results have now been published, in two splendid volumes, by Professor David G. Lyon, the venerable Assyriologist, to whose initiative and interest much of the success is due, Professor Reisner, and Mr. Fisher. This publication is an honor to Harvard University and to American scholarship. At Sebaste, so named by Herod to please Augustus, one may pay an entrance fee and move about at will, as did the writer a year ago, amid the impressive ruins, hidden through the centuries, that once more greet the sun. In the great museum at Constantinople one may examine the five

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thousand objects found. But only in perusing these volumes, with their descriptions, photographs, facsimiles, plans, and maps, is the full significance brought home of what has been accomplished.

There are some disappointments. The epigraphic material is slight. No important monument, no long inscription was discovered. Ahab apparently erected no stele like that of his contemporary Mesha. We must be grateful, however, for whatever turns up. Much liquor was consumed in the city which Isaiah described as "the crown of the pride of the drunkards of Ephraim." Many a jar of wine, each equivalent in value to a jar of oil, was sent to the capital. Potsherds inscribed with the name of the sender, his home town, and the destination accompanied them as way-bills. These are probably our earliest Hebrew inscriptions, written with carbon ink on ostraca in the old Semitic alphabet. Some of the names are "biblical"; one is Gomer like that of Hosea's wife; many are compounded with the divine name in its shorter form, Yau or Yo. On the floor of a hall in Ahab's palace an alabaster jar was found with the name of Osorkon II, of Egypt (c. 874-856), and elsewhere a cuneiform tablet and a letter seal. In the Herodian city there were many Greek and Latin inscriptions, all valuable, none of unusual importance. No striking piece of sculpture came to light on the lower levels. We are still dependent on the monolith of Shalmaneser III for a plausible representation in art of an ancient Israelite.

But we now can set our foot within the palaces of Omri, Ahab, and Jeroboam II, and get an idea of the architecture of the old city. We can see how it rose again after its destruction by John Hyrcanus in 109 B. C. and verify the account by Josephus of Herod's prodigality. With abundant material of every description to assist us, we are able, as never before, to conjure up the life that once was lived. Upon this wall the king of Israel walked when a woman cried out: "We boiled my son and did eat him; and she hath hid her son." Samaria was besieged and an ass's head was sold for eighty shekels, and a fourth of a kab of dove's dung for five. In the "ivory palace" the notables of Israel had lamb and veal, drank wine out of bowls, and "sang ditties to the harp, like David." The pots and cups have all been cleansed. The measures and weights are here, and no end of wares that the merchants hawked. One misses the ivory couches and the thrones on which Ahab and Jehoshaphat sat when Micah prophesied smooth things and explained that the spirit sometimes lies to lure a man to his doom. Such lip-sticks, henna-pots, and toilet-boxes as these were no doubt used by Jezebel. For is it not said that she "painted her eyes, and tired her hair" on that fateful day at Jezreel when she knew that her murderer was approaching and wished to die like a queen? How the heathen crowded into the city built by Agrippa's favorite, and what treasures were left behind by the Hellenistic period. There are theatres and temples, colonnades and sculptures, inscriptions and coins. The tribe of Samaritans has dwindled to a few families, while the exiles of Judah have grown to millions.

Only a fraction of the space within the wall of Samaria has been dug up. The present administration of Palestine has reserved the site, but cannot be expected to do so much longer. It is earnestly to be hoped that funds may be forthcoming to resume the work.

NATHANIEL SCHMIDT.

The Art of Louis Hémon

My Fair Lady, by Louis Hémon, translated by William Aspenwall Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

Colin Maillard, by Louis Hémon. Paris: (Translation by Arthur Richmond shortly to be published in New York by The Macmillan Company.)

THE burden of proof in the publication of My Fair Lady, Colin-Maillard and the two books of Louis Hémon still in preparation, lies with the author's family. This rummaging through a dead writer's papers to give the public more of his work—rough-cast or immature as it may be—is usually too delicate a task for a novice. In the present case, I should say that the short stories of My Fair Lady, although less vital than Maria Chapdelaine, are at least its equal in craftsmanship. Colin-Maillard is not.

Both, with the exception of one of the short stories called Fear, concern themselves with an attempt to escape from physical or spiritual poverty. They are tales of El Dorado—a golden city of that kingdom which is within us—craved, achieved or tragically lost by humble souls. Thither the roads are many—love, drunkenness, the invocation of vanished youth, death, anarchy, the joy of dancing, the illusion of Truth. But all are chosen by the characters with the same end in view—a utopian refuge from want.

My Fair Lady, which gives its title to the book of short stories, is a conversation between two childhood friends meeting after fifteen years. In the warm light of a café on the rain-swept boulevard, they grope for mutual memories—diffidently, through the constraint of the long separation.

"And the little Marcheval . . ." Thibault says finally, "you surely remember the little Marcheval . . . Liette . . . whom we used to find when we came back from vacation. She's dead; you knew?"

"I heard," Raquet replies—and they fall silent.

The rattle of saucers on the marble tops of the tables, the voices, the footsteps, the confused noises of the boulevard—they no longer hear any of these things; and they no longer see each other. A memory has swept everything away—the memory of a great garden, of a lawn girdled with trees, bathed with sunlight where children are playing hand in hand and singing an old song:

> We shall go no more to the woods,
> The laurels are cut,
> My Fair Lady . . .

In the center of the ring is Liette, her little, white face shaded by a great straw hat, her eyes softly shining, her young lips shaping the words of the song like so many tender kisses.

"Yes," Raquet confesses softly, "I was in love with Liette . . . I don't mind it's being known now. What no one will ever know is all that meant to me, and still means."

The years passed him by, until one day he realized that the things he had expected would never arrive; that the best he could hope for was a succession of other years, all alike, sad and hard; a long, dull battle, without glory, without joy.

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> Then it was that the memory of Liette returned to me . . . I come home at evening; I sit at my table, my head between my hands; I repeat her name five or six times, and she comes . . . sometimes it is the grown girl I see . . . other times it is the little one . . . But, little girl or big girl, as soon as she comes, all is changed. With her memory, I recover all the quivering excitement of old, the August burning borne in the heart, that great soul—hunger, which makes one live ardently, and all the ridiculous, touching little weaknesses which became precious also. The years vanish, the scales fall; it is my palpitating youth which returns — all the warm life of the heart which begins again.

Except, as I have said, for Fear, which is a "horror" story after the manner of Kipling, the formula is always the same: city streets—and peopling these streets, failures, like Raquet, bent and weary; workmen worn by toil, drunkards, wistful orientals and the gay, shrill, hapless children of the slums.

Colin-Maillard is French blind man's buff. The blind man, in this case, is Mike O'Brady who, eluding the Dublin police, comes to London to try his luck. He obtains a position in a warehouse on the Thames, where, as we are told, "the labor was just exigent enough to fill his time and to gratify the play of his strong muscles, leaving him, at the end of a good day, satisfied and not too tired, conscious of having accomplished his task as a free man, without servile zeal or over work." In spite of this, he fumbles about for an elusive millenium. Infatuated by a young Jewess, whom he sees in the doorway of a shop, he becomes a frequent caller at her house, where he absorbes endless sermons on socialism from her father. The girl, however, marries another and Mike, getting suddenly discouraged with his new doctrine, gropes elsewhere. He is fired next by the philanthropy of a young lady, who, three nights a week, "followed by a man-servant at a respectful distance" descends to a mission in the slums. But she, too, marries another and Mike, despairing, renounces his confession of faith along with his pledge of abstinence, and rushes into a nearby tavern where, blinded now with rage, he strikes out right and left, killing the patron and several clients—his own innocent fellow contestants in the game.

It is a footling book, with all the issues confused and long, tiresome dissertations on socialism, and religion of the soap box sort. Much is sentimental, some absurd, while the rather facetious style is out of tone with the violence of the dénouement.

This style, as a rule, is almost faultless. In Maria Chapdelaine and My Fair Lady, the author has been moved by a deep, universal emotion—the fundamental of great literature—and the words, though simple and direct, not only bear to the full this originating emotion, but have limpid overtones of beauty all their own. Mr. Bradley, too, has done a faithful piece of work in his translation of La Belle que Voilà. Take, for instance, his title. The French, a refrain from an old song, is impossibly clumsy in English. *My Fair Lady*, however, not only gives the literal sense, but is the last line of one of our own nursery rhymes, thus preserving the spirit as well.

Louis Hémon was born in 1880 and died—run over by a train—in 1913; and yet, in spite of his youth and the shortness of his career, he stands among the classics. Throughout his work, from the most inept to the most perfect, is a sense of ecstacy, open to all, in the common life, of a nimbus quivering over its least manifestation—whose vision, like the grael itself, brings salvation—which gives it unity, and a significance touched by the eternal. That light, revealing the holiness of wonted things, sanctifies Maria Chapdelaine's decison to remain a pioneer like her mother in the bleak, north country; its radiance blazes with sudden glory into the cockney lives of My Fair Lady, or, by its absence, attests their drab futility; while Mike O'Brady confusing it with the will-o-the-whisp of a material millenium, is goaded by its illusiveness to anarchy.

KATHERINE KEITH.

Letters from a Distance

Letters from a Distance, by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

IT was shortly after the Armistice that Mr. Cannan turned a disgusted back on Europe. He dipped into America and passed on to Africa. He was after a new view-point and a new criterion. He sought Africa not for itself, but as a refuge from political and economical Europe. He needed a foothold from which he might appraise the changing values of an old world now lapsing to decay. The letters which compose the present volume are under African headlines, mellifluous or cacophonous; yet he drags a lengthening chain, and the world he left behind is always in his background, and often in his foreground as well. One of his latest letters is dated from Victoria Falls; but do we see or hear them? No; not the remotest glimpse of the spray, nor the faintest echo from the roar. A few pages here and there present vividly and briefly some phase of the African environment; but the Western world continues to encompass the Falls, and the author's chief preoccupation, in face of them, is the difference between the American mind and the English mind.

The former, he feels, is dominant in the world, since the British mind seems to have gone into retirement "until such time as the world's ferment shall present it with an accomplished fact to assimilate"; the British mind being effective enough on the basis of accomplished facts, but lacking efficiency in the swirl of things that are shaping. Other British manifestations wound Mr. Cannan, and these he may be more nearly right in criticising. He has the greatest repugnance for the form of activity known as the Higher Imperialism, and he is severe on the British way of regarding everything that is not British as subhuman, and therefore to be exterminated if possible, and if not, then to be enslaved.

Mr. Cannan landed at Port Said with a precise determination to rid himself of political ideas and ideals. Who, after the last ten years, can blame him? Who, except the politicians themselves (including the grandiloquent sort which call themselves diplomats) will not seriously incline to listen when he declares that politics are proved, both by the War and the Peace, to be useless and injudicious, and henceforth can be no more than a mischievous and fussy form of idleness? However, he takes no refuge in those economic actualities which some observers and thinkers believe they have found as the structural actuality of society behind the political facade. No. And while he is all for loyalty, that is by no means a loyalty to a political

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SINCLAIR LEWIS

Caricature by Gropper

Babbittisms

Europe is picturesque and quaint and historical and all that, but it's a gone goose; it hasn't any pep.

Do you realize that the price per front foot of some of the best business properties in London is actually less than it is for corresponding locations right here in Zenith?

I feel there's been a lot of misjudgment of Cal. I know he isn't as showy as Harding and Bill Bryan and Dawes and a lot of obviously brainy men like that.

A boy from here that was in Washington . . . got all the dope, and seems La Follette has entertained Germans and Russians right in his own home.

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The Goslings, by Upton Sinclair	5.00
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The American Mercury for a year $7.60

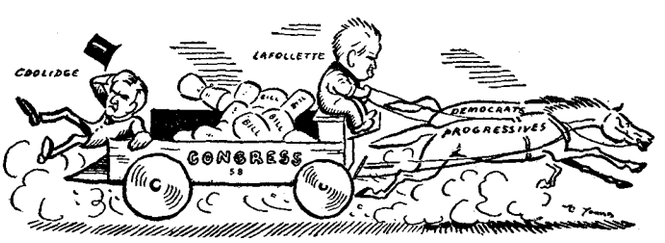
The Author of Babbitt

has just revisited Zenith. Zenith is the most important city in the country, politically speaking, because it is located in every state in the union. George F. Babbitt's reasons for voting for Coolidge will explain many thousands of actual votes next month; and Seneca Doane's remarks on the La Follette campaign express the feelings of any number of "silent voters." The articles begin this week; they include election interviews with

GEORGE F. BABBITT
PAUL RIESLING
CHARLES L. MCKELVEY
AUGUST SCHNAUFKNABEL
VERGIL GUNCH
SENECA DOANE
and others

BEGINNING THIS WEEK IN

The Nation



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ideal. In life, he feels, as in art, the desired technique is loyalty to a rhythm—rhythm being here, as again in Havelock Ellis's latest book, the great essential. And now, once more, he lands plump on America. America, he expects, will evolve the necessary technique; not America as a political entity, but "the Americans who are America." He feels among us the rhythm natural to a genuine and unimpeded functioning. "The irresistibly strong loyalty by which men find their social health is loyalty not to an idea but to a rhythm"—a welcome phenomenon to the disillusioned traveller after his combat with the worn-out and decadent intellectualism and idealism of Europe. He finds the same satisfactory rhythm among his African natives—just as again, does Ellis: the dance being the most unifying and socializing element among primitive peoples. When our precious rhythm becomes conscious, thinks Mr. Cannan (as at any moment a great movement towards justice or liberty might make it), the "Americans will become such a living force as has not yet been seen on earth." Not struggling desperately toward an ideal, but responding loyally and genially to the rhythm of our own vitality, we shall march irresistibly toward a reality. Such, of course, is a programme for a young people. We shall not stay young indefinitely, however; nor can we look back with great complacency upon some of our recent stragglings.

The above considerations lead on to the matter of solidarity—which the author defines as a complete and agreed faith in the rhythm of humanity. Savages have it; the universe has it; but Western civilization has only a "machine-rhythm" and has come to depend on the manufactured solidarity of armies. Also, we must face the commercial technique which was developed between 1850 and 1914. This worked with money, but cannot work with life, for life is not a commercial concern.

Yet, only a few pages later on, we are called upon to recognize the fact that the old estates of the realm have gone and that in their stead have appeared "Banks, Chambers of Commerce and Trade Unions—much the same thing under another name." Yet if it could be perceived clearly that King, Lords and Commons (or President, State and Congress), having for a long time had no solid function to perform, have atrophied into a horde of parasites, perhaps we should make better headway against "the bureaucracies which call themselves governments." But America, at least, as our commentator would do well to recall, still possesses a plenitude of private initiative; and that, essentially, may be the rhythm of which he speaks.

Well, the above are some of the considerations that prevented a thoughtful traveller from seeing the Victoria Falls and many of the other wonders and glories of the African continent. Some of his pages are trenchant and really come to a head; others represent, with considerable fuss and fridget, that irritated, even despairing temper into which the last decade has thrown many of humanity's well-wishers. Few of these will resort to Africa as a Utopia, even if it be declared—"with all due respect to America"—the continent of the future; and none of us, not even Mr. Cannan himself, will accept the primitive state as all plus and no minus. It is to be hoped that he will soon return home, effectually re-oriented by his employment of an unconventional viewpoint, and braced to do something for that old and discouraged society which needs all the help it can get.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Contributors

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NORMAN HAPGOOD, author of Industry and Progress, The Advancing Hour, etc., is editor of Hearst's International Magazine.

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SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, is the author of The Labor Spy and Three Flights Up, which Scribners publish this fall.

WILLIAM L. LANGER is assistant professor of European history at Clark University. He has made a special study of the diplomacy of the late nineteenth century, on which subject he is preparing a book for the Harvard University press.

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KATHERINE KEITH has publised a novel, The Girl, and a number of stories and articles in current periodicals.

HENRY B. FULLER is the author of many novels and short stories and a book of verse, Lines Long and Short.

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DEBATE

SAMUEL UNTERMYER for DAVIS
vs.
MORRIS HILLQUIT for La FOLLETTE

RESOLVED: that, viewing the concrete circumstances of the pending election, the cause of sound progressive government will be best promoted by voting for LA FOLLETTE rather than DAVIS.

CLARENCE DARROW
CHAIRMAN

Sunday Afternoon, October 12th
(COLUMBUS DAY) 2:30 P.M.

TICKETS: 50c and $1.00 (Reserved)

ON SALE: Tyson and Gray's Ticket Agencies; Rand School, 7 E. 15th St.; La Follette-Wheeler Headquarters, 25 W. 43rd St.; Steuben Society, 405 Lexington Ave.

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